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APRIL 16, 1982

...am F. Buckley says:
...E PROBLEM IS
CUBA —see page 448

NATIONAL REVIEW

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LAW OF THE SEA

WILLIAM R. HAWKINS

HOW TO GIVE AWAY YOUR ...UTURE

...d Good ...iday ...ditation

THE SHROUD

JEROME S. GOLDBLATT

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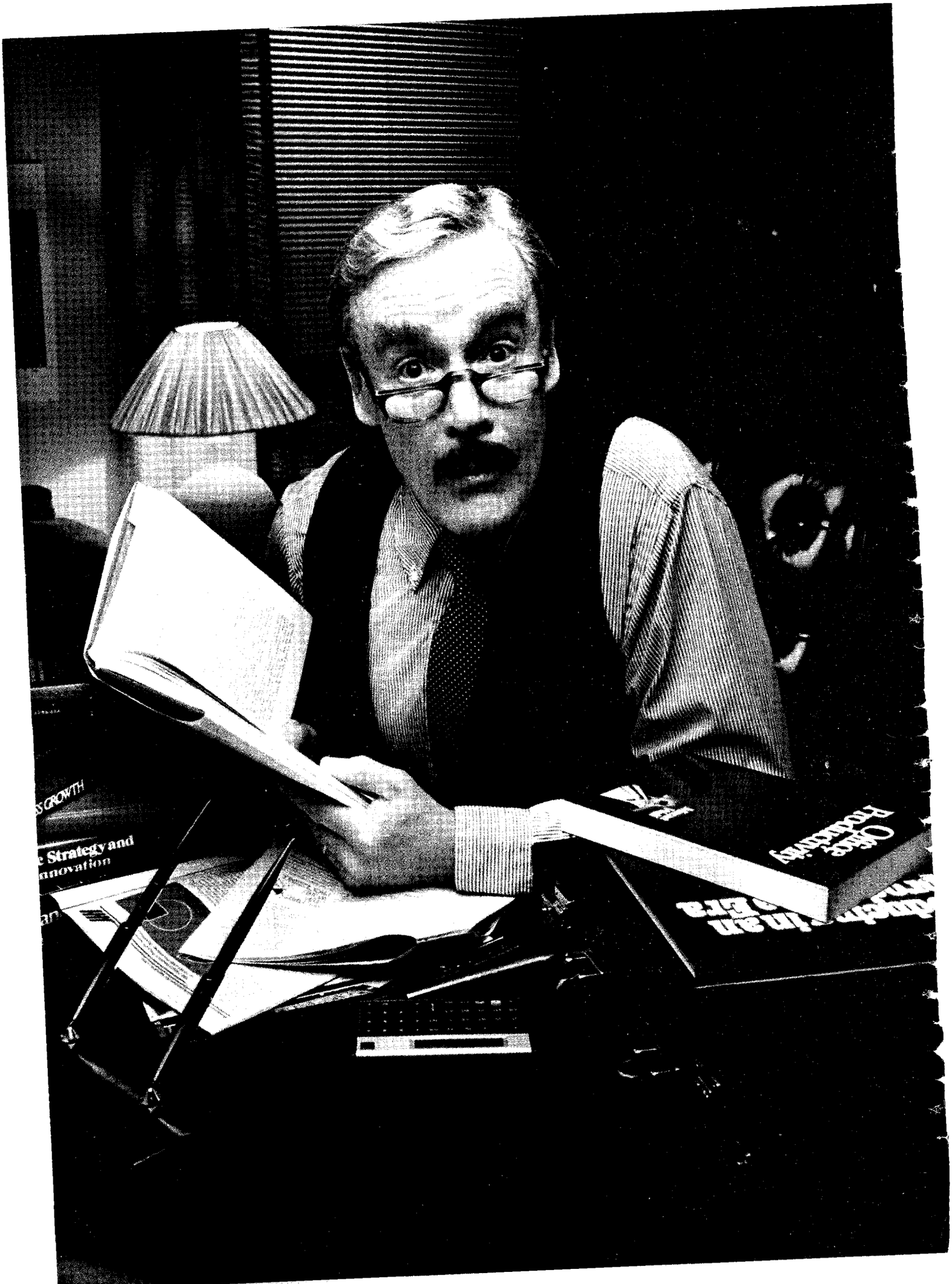

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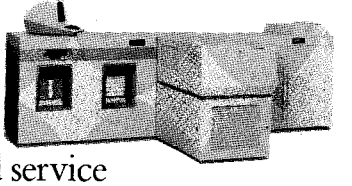

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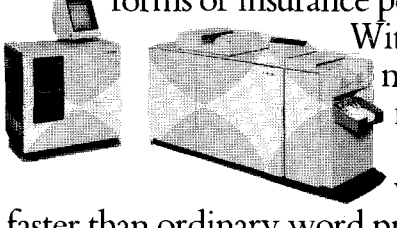

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A Good Friday Meditation

415 The Shroud

If it is what it seems to be, the image on the Shroud does far more than confirm the Gospels: it provides new information on the Passion and Resurrection of Christ, some of it grim, some astounding. In its correspondence to the narratives, the Old Testament prophecies, and the New Testament epistles, it is like a fifth Gospel.

Jerome S. Goldblatt

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When the Egyptian president refused to go to Jerusalem, he may have set off an incalculable chain of events—some of them perhaps having catastrophic import for the United States.

John McLaughlin

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What's the difference between social democrats and democratic socialists? Whatever it is, Europe's social democrats seem to be forgetting it.

Brian Crozier

410 How to Give Away Your Future

Of all the harebrained—well, let's put it this way: if the Law of the Sea treaty is adopted, free nations will have subordinated themselves to a socialist international order, and the United States will have signed away some of the freedoms it has fought wars to defend. Yet hardly anyone seems to have noticed the terms of the treaty—or its implications.

William R. Hawkins

422 California Coastline: Out of Control

A 1976 act designed to preserve the California coastline has led to imperious and arbitrary bureaucratic rule, aborted development, violations of property rights, and widespread cynicism about reformist government. *Jeffery Nelligan*

424 Going Nowhere

How you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen Moscow? Soviet farm life has made very little progress since the days of the czars, unless you count getting rid of the churches as progress. Finicky types still have to watch out where they step and what they touch.

Victor Herman & Fred E. Dohrs

Books Arts & Manners

428 **David Evanier** surveys the literature of Jonestown and finds some notable revelations about the mentality of the Left—not only in James Jones himself (a Stalin *manqué*) but in the enthusiasm of Mark Lane, Charles Garry, Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden, Willie Brown, George Moscone, and Angela Davis. (Miss Fonda: "Much of what America needs to resolve its overwhelming social problems has become embodied into the life of Jonestown and the works of People's Temple.") . . . **John Simon** follows William Barrett among *The Truants*—the anti-Stalin Marxist intellectuals of *Partisan Review*. . . . **D. Keith Mano** wonders what, exactly, Susan Sontag *meant* by calling Communism "fascism."

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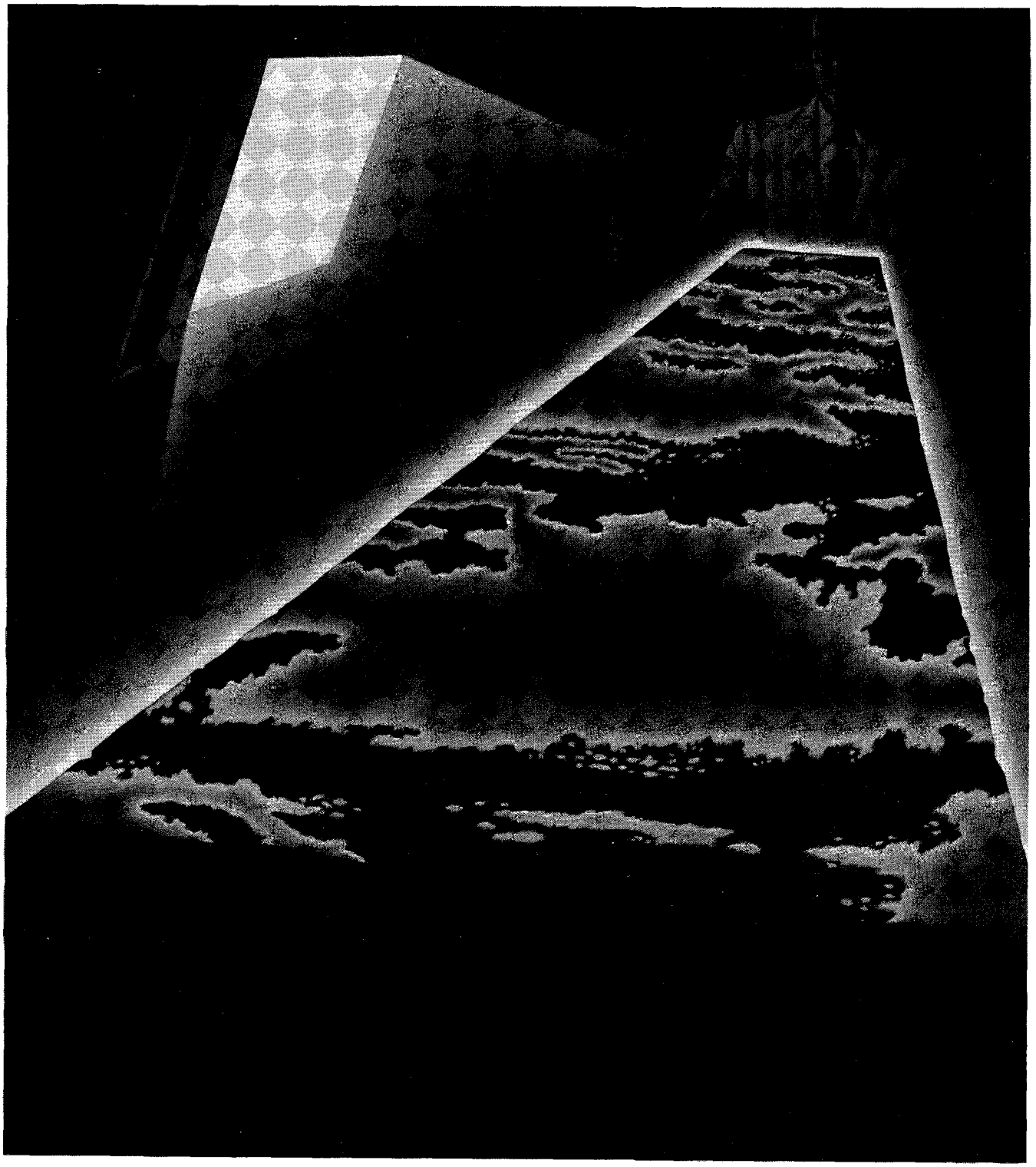

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Letters

Avatars of Ego Journalism

Vic Gold really nails Sam Donaldson and the other boys and girls in the White House press corps ["An Ex-Flack Looks at Reagan and the Adversary Press," Apr. 2]. Up close, they make the Bacchae look like models of self-restraint, but from a distance, it does make for entertaining reading.

Tom Goddard
Atlanta, Ga.

El Salvador

As a Salvadoran citizen, I read with a great deal of interest Mr. Kurzweil's article "Cry El Salvador" [Mar. 19]. Although I agree with his ultimate conclusion that elections are the only way to begin a real solution of the problem, there are some inaccuracies that I would like to correct.

1. Some of the wealthiest citizens of El Salvador come from Arab ancestry, and though it is true that there is not as much socio-economic mobility as some of us would like, nobody has been kept down for reasons of race or religion.

2. The Santa Ana garrison never went over to the rebels' side during the "final offensive" in January 1981. The only traitor inside the garrison itself was Captain Francisco Mena Sandoval (no relation to me), who managed to "steal" a company of men, killing a colonel in the process. The civilian population in Santa Ana never had to fight the rebels in the streets.

3. The most important point: If elections and a free society are the only real solution for El Salvador, and Mr. Kurzweil admits that kidnappings and terrorism have driven investment, and thus badly needed jobs, out of the country, why doesn't he mention the fact that the gradual socialization of the country's economy under the de facto Duarte regime has caused the exact same thing?

Freedom is the essence of American thought, and the dignity of the individual the goal of the American Dream. There can't be political freedom without economic freedom, and there can't be economic freedom without private property.

God bless America for the example and inspiration it has given to all of us.

Alfredo Mena Lagos
Miami, Fla.

Neither Rain, nor Sleet

In recent weeks there has been a controversy about journalists and how they report the news from faraway places ["Letter from Washington," Apr. 2]. If asked to describe a foreign correspondent, most Americans, myself included, would probably conjure up someone wearing a trench coat and looking like Clark Gable. He would seek out his scoops in waterfront bars and type up his stories in a sleazy hotel room with a bottle of gin next to the typewriter.

Much to my chagrin, an item in the *Soho News* has punctured my balloon. According to a source the paper did not reveal, Bill Moyers of CBS has been reporting the war in El Salvador while residing in the Presidential Suite of the country's leading hotel. This was bad news for Abe Rosenthal, executive editor of the *New York Times*, who, upon arriving at the hotel after jetting into the country to cover the same story, also requested the Presidential Suite.

David Day
New York, N.Y.

Euromissiles

We are not in the habit of writing to editors on questions of strategic defense policy, but since Mr. Buckley quoted from our newsletter not long ago we felt he might find the following information useful. The subject is the U.S. Euromissiles and Mr. Buckley's timely, though we are afraid optimistic, comments in "On the Right" [Feb. 19].

1. The Germans (both the government and the people) do not want the new missile systems installed. Before we judge them too harshly we should remember that a similar situation was one of the major reasons for the cancellation of the MX/MPS here in the United States. The point: The day of land-based missiles is over, especially in democratic countries with dense populations.

Thus, it is our opinion that Mr. Buckley's hope for the arrival of ". . . right reason to the councils of an area of the world where freedom and civilization have most conspicuously flourished" is, sadly, not a likely probability.

2. The missiles will not be deployed. Senior German, British, and U.S. military officers are today working on this assumption. A clue: the Florida contractor for the Pershings has already started receiving "hold" instructions. The question being asked is, "How is the Administration going to back out of this with dignity?" I believe we may see the "zero option" acted upon by ourselves . . . unilaterally. Essentially, we have no other choice. It is better to salvage some PR out of the Carter "bluff" than be repudiated openly by our European friends.

We can only hope that some sensible sea-based system (perhaps those de-com-

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Where the Media Elite Stand

In the nation's shift from an industrial to an information society, a new elite has risen in the land. Its members work in the news media. They're the media's heavyweights, courted by politicians, studied by scholars, pampered by peers. Some of their bylines and TV images are familiar to millions.

They make up a new leadership group that "competes for influence alongside more traditional elites representing business, labor, government, and other sectors of society," asserts a major study performed under the auspices of Columbia University's Research Institute on International Change.

The research was directed by S. Robert Lichter of George Washington University and Stanley Rothman of Smith College. They have reported on their project in *Public Opinion* magazine, which says the findings raise "questions about journalism's qualifications as an 'objective' profession."

The study involved interviews with 240 journalists and broadcasters working for the most influential media outlets. These include the New York Times, Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, Time, Newsweek, U.S. News & World Report, CBS, NBC, ABC.

Where stand the media elite ideologically?

Some 54% of leading journalists count themselves as liberals. Only 19% describe themselves as right of center. Even greater differences show up when they rate their cohorts. Fifty-six percent say the people they work with are mostly on the left and only 8% on the right. Overwhelmingly, the media elite vote for Democratic candidates in presidential elections.

The big guns of the media come down on the liberal side of a wide range of social and political issues. They show special fondness for welfare capitalism. Some 68% believe the government should substantially reduce the income gap between rich and poor. Close to half feel the government should guarantee a job to anyone wanting one. Yet few are outright socialists. In fact, they stoutly spurn the notion that major corporations should be publicly owned. And they support a fundamental capitalist tenet that people with greater ability should earn more than those with less ability.

Despite acceptance of the economic order, many top journalists express general discontent with the social order. A substantial minority — 28% — favor overhauling the entire system through "a complete restructuring of its basic institutions." The same proportion take the view that *all* political systems are repressive because they concentrate power and authority in a few hands.

On international issues, a majority of the media elite believe U.S. economic exploitation has contributed to poverty in the Third World and that America's heavy use of natural resources is "immoral." By a three-to-one margin, they reject the view that Third World nations would be even worse off without the assistance they've received from the West.

In an information society, the upper-crust media practitioners are a telling force. "Cosmopolitan in their origins, liberal in their outlooks, they are aware and protective of their collective influence," Lichter and Rothman write. The group profiled by the study is "out of step with the public," *Public Opinion* opines.

At least now there's scholarly confirmation of the ideological and political tilt of many of the folks who declaim daily, in print and on the tube, on the shape of the world.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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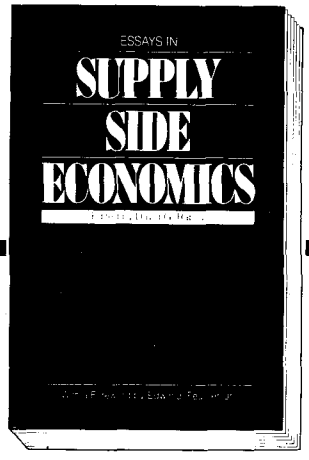
"ESSAYS IN SUPPLY SIDE ECONOMICS"

Edited by David G. Raboy, Director of Research, IRET, with a Foreword by Dr. Edwin J. Feulner, Jr., President, The Heritage Foundation



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missioned Polaris subs) will concurrently be sold, rented, or given to the Germans. They need their own *force de dissuasion.*

3. The larger issue is our men in Europe—men who should not be there any longer.

We do enjoy NATIONAL REVIEW and are constantly helped by the wide diversity of views. Hopefully, our narrow area of concentration will stir your thoughts in an equally advantageous manner.

The Staff
The Nuclear War Survival Bulletin
Coos Bay, Ore.

U.S. Troops in Germany

Re: Thomas Molnar's article "A New Deal in Eastern Europe?" [Jan. 22]: The presence of foreign troops in a nation for any length of time is a sure source of friction leading to a diminution of the "occupied" population's esteem for the occupying nation far greater than any actual misconduct of the troops would warrant. Since the maintenance of good will for the United States is a vital part of the American military's mission in Western Europe, we must apply the lessons learned in past occupations about ways to minimize that friction.

In World War II, the U.S. Army recognized that, first, the occupying troops should be drawn from the best the Army had, especially in matters of discipline, and "bad apples" should be removed from the occupation barrel whether or not disciplinary action was required; and, second, black troops should not be used in the occupation of white countries. It is apparent from Mr. Molnar's article that both lessons have been disregarded in Germany over the past quarter-century.

W. Brown Morton Jr.
Warsaw, Va.

Laurence Olivier

Leaving aside matters of taste, which are non-arguable, and matters of moral judgment, which are perhaps best left to Matt. 7:1, I was surprised by the distortion of British theatrical history in Joseph Sobran's review of Thomas Kiernan's biography of Laurence Olivier [Feb. 5]. By referring to "the older, more elegant tradition represented by John Gielgud," and treating Olivier as a metaphorical French Revolution, Mr. Sobran gives the impression that Shakespearean acting for three and a half centuries had flowed along in a steady stream, which Olivier roiled and muddied.

In fact, as far back as we have sufficient evidence to judge, the two streams of acting represented in our day by Olivier and Gielgud have regularly alternated or overlapped. Garrick was renowned for his "naturalness," blamed for his lack of elegance; he gave way to the stately Kemble, embodiment of classical decorum. Then, for the sixty or so years following Kemble's retirement, the Romantic school held the stage, in the persons of the fiery Kean (watching him, said Coleridge, "is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning"), the more earthy Macready, and the flamboyant Henry Irving. This Romantic reign ended when Sir Henry handed on the torch to his younger colleague Johnston Forbes-Robertson (later Sir Johnston), known for his air of gentle melancholy and his beautiful reading of the verse—unlike his predecessors, said Shaw, he played Shakespeare not through stage business, but "on the line and to the line."

If Messrs. Sobran and Kiernan are unconcerned with this sort of lore, Sir John and Sir Laurence certainly are not. When Olivier played Richard III, for example, he consciously borrowed from older actors' imitations of Sir Henry; and after his first night in that role, Gielgud passed on to him Kean's sword, which had gone to Henry Irving after his first Richard, and which Gielgud had received from his mother, who was the niece of Ellen Terry, Sir Henry's great leading lady.

Which brings me to another point: Why do Messrs. Kiernan and Sobran harp on Olivier's knighthood? Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Michael Redgrave, Sir Alec Guinness—in addition to those mentioned above—make this a scarcely unique honor, or stigma.

Julie Wilcox
Chicago, Ill.

Panspermia

According to Richard de Mille ["And God Created Evolution," Mar. 19], we can't even imagine "how to rescue neo-Darwinian natural selection from the scientific trash heap." Rubbish! A casual glance into the current biological literature would quickly have dispelled such illusions. Simply by reading popular accounts, Mr. de Mille could have discovered Hoyle and Wickramansinghe's panspermia theory, in which evolutionary genes come from outer space.

J. B. S. Goldschmidt
Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. de Mille's Reply

Panspermia is loads of fun—I won't deny that—but it doesn't tell us much about the origin or evolution of life. Its chief effect is to hurl the hard questions deep into space, where we can hardly hear them any more.

According to one prominent evolutionist, Stephen Jay Gould: "Organisms are not billiard balls, struck in deterministic fashion by the cue of natural selection, and rolling to optimal positions on life's table. They influence their own destiny in interesting, complex, and comprehensible ways."

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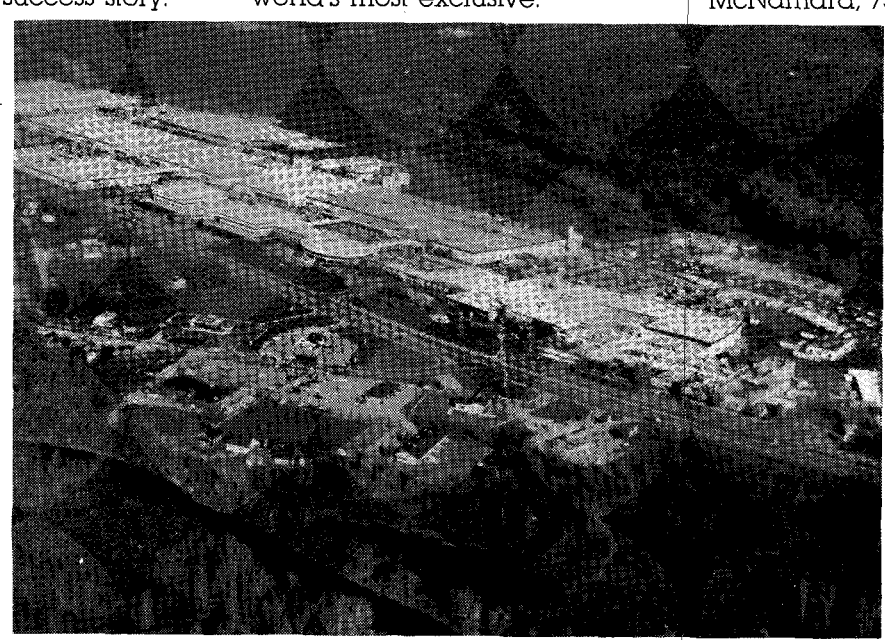

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After reading the rest of Gould's article (in *Paleobiology*, 1980), I came to the conclusion that his term "comprehensible" is not a description of the present state of the evolutionist art—currently "rocked," he says, by a "swirling set of challenges"—but rather a prayer for the eventual clarification of evolutionary theory.

When scientific theories are suspected (by scientists) of losing their explanatory power, they don't just lie down and die but fight back in a furious campaign of improvisation, struggling to survive as theories. The neo-Darwinian interpretation of evolution is now going through a Ptolemaic phase, seeking to salvage a supposedly explanatory principle of accidental variation by imposing on it ever more complicated genetic and environmental epicycles, all the while awaiting the arrival of some biological Kepler who will once more make the problem manageable—as Darwin seemed to have done in the nineteenth century.

Richard de Mille
Santa Barbara, Calif.

On the Gilder Debate

George Gilder ["Why I Am Not a Neoconservative," Mar. 2] is right when he says: "Phyllis Schlafly is better at defining national priorities than is [Ben Wattenberg's anti-Soviet, pro-ERA hero] Daniel Patrick Moynihan." He's right, because the social turmoil that would result from passage of the ERA would seriously weaken this country's ability to defend itself against its enemies.

When you come down to it, a neoconservative is a twentieth century progressive who stood still in the 1960s while the rest of the Left plunged into the pit; a conservative is a nineteenth century liberal who, standing still throughout the twentieth century on domestic issues, preserved the faith of the Founding Fathers, and patiently waited to restore that faith when fifty years of progressive reform came crashing to the ground.

In short, a conservative is to a neoconservative what a physician is to a medical student: the one knows how to cure our sick republic, while the other is still learning the art of political medicine.

Bruce F. Sterling
Staten Island, N.Y.

Tale of Two Systems

"Mobil *v.* Mitterrand" ["The Week," Jan. 22] was a gem. Please tell me who wrote it. If ever a piece deserved a byline, that one did.

Charles H. Chandler
Farmington, Conn.

"The Week" reflects NR*'s editorial position. We do not, as a matter of policy, identify the author of any given editorial. But thanks for the plaudit.* —PLB

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Chip, chip, chip—the opposition to President **Reagan**'s programs even from within his own party is getting rough as polls show the President's popularity sinking on all fronts. Old buddy **Paul Laxalt**, Reagan's greatest friend in the Senate, publicly urges the President to cut the budget. If a budget compromise is not worked out by mid-May, says Laxalt, the Republicans could lose thirty House seats in November. . . . **John Connally** stays and raises the ante. Unless Reagan slashes $10 billion from defense budget, warns Connally, the GOP could lose fifty House seats *and* control of the Senate. . . . And Sen. **Robert Dole**, a leading Republican critic of the President, adds his two bits with the newest good news/bad news joke: "The good news is that a bus loaded with supply-siders went over a cliff. The bad news is that there were three empty seats. The extra bad news is that the missing three are now huddling with the President." . . . Added together, the bad news has touched off inevitable lame-duck rumors. Democratic political analyst **Alan Baron** reports that at a Washington cocktail party of "seventy media and political people" (not further identified), 75 per cent indicated (by dropping a jelly bean into a jar) that they thought Reagan would not run again. Which the White House instantly denies—and then, finally, comes out fighting. Reagan is going to do what he does best, take his message to the people over the head of media critics and Republican faint-hearts. The campaign which started off with Reagan's TV press conference last week will include ten, almost weekly, radio **fireside chats** on a variety of subjects (a move initially proposed a month ago in an *NR* editorial by **William Rusher**). . . . Among the things the President surely will point out: that as of 1979 (the last year for which complete figures are available), the government was spending $428 billion on **social welfare** programs —a $1,912 per capita outlay.

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"I'm looking for signs of recovery."

■ Internationally, March was a bad month for the Left. In France, resurgent conservatives won control of 58 of the French municipal councils, to 37 for **François Mitterrand**'s Left, and the Communist Party took its worst beating since WW II. . . . In West Germany **Helmut Schmidt**'s SPD lost control of state legislature in Lower Saxony in its worst showing there in 27 years, a defeat that if duplicated in other state elections could lead to a realignment of the ruling parties in Germany. . . . In **El Salvador**, the people jammed the polls in a gesture of defiance of the liberation forces that came as such a shock to the **Socialist International**, which has been supporting the rebels, that it has retired to think up a statement to make on the elections. . . . Venezuelan President **Luis Herrera Campíns** called the Salvadoran elections "a blow to the Marxist movement worldwide." . . . In neighboring **Nicaragua** the opposition paper *La Prensa* did not come out the afternoon of the voting: the government had censored four front-page stories and picture of Salvadorans lining up to vote. . . . Suddenly the bloom is off the **Sandinista** revolution. *U.S. News*, quoting intelligence sources, says a secret poll taken by the Sandinistas shows only 17 per cent of the people approve of the way the Marxists are running the country. . . . A recent *La Prensa* poll says 70 per cent of **Nicaraguans** want free elections. . . . And on March 31, in an Op-Ed piece in *Washington Post*, a former Sandinista, **José Esteban Gonzalez**, reports there have been massacres of political prisoners in Nicaragua. "These killings cannot be dismissed as rash acts of post-revolutionary anger. They have continued for over two years —some occurred within the past few months." . . . Interesting sidelight on why François Mitterrand is so adamantly committed to supporting the Sandinista government and liberation movements in the Caribbean is, says *L'Express*, that he has made a deal with **Fidel Castro**. Castro has promised to keep his cotton-pickin' fingers off the **French Antilles**—Martinique and Guadeloupe will not follow Grenada—if Mitterrand will support him internationally.

■ For April Fool, don't miss the *Off the Wall Street Journal*, a parody by **Tony Hendra** (formerly of *National Lampoon*) of *WSJ*. Among front-page news items: "Employment in England reaches 100 per cent as joblessness is declared a capital offense." "Nelson Bunker Hunt ate his two brothers, Lamar and Herbert, in Dallas for dinner last night. Hunt later described his siblings as 'delicious.'" "Coca-Cola Co. discovered that it had inadvertently bought Columbia Pictures Inc. Company executives had thought they were buying Colombia, the Central American country." Read on.

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THE WEEK

■ Did you hear the one about the Polish airline pilot who couldn't even find Poland on his map? Had to land in West Berlin with his wife, children, and other family members aboard. The authorities back in Warsaw were not amused.

■ While GOP Senate leaders huddled last month to draw up plans for a budget that would "narrow the deficit" (translation: raise taxes), the *Wall Street Journal* was outlining the cost-cutting actions under way in our tightfisted Congress: the Senate Energy Committee, no doubt panicked by the recent decline in pump prices, added $2.2 billion to the Reagan budget proposal; the House Agriculture Committee took final action to appropriate $2 to $5 billion in increased price supports; the House Education Committee sang out in protest over student-loan cuts—John Ashbrook predicted the committee would tack $3 billion back onto the education budget. A poll of committee chairmen predicted that Congress will exceed the Reagan budget by $29 billion, roughly one-third of the deficit. And that's a Congress talking about slicing $20 billion from the Pentagon. Look for Senators Baker, Dole, and Domenici to start explaining how increased spending narrows the deficit.

■ "Where is the evidence?" demanded the *Washington Post* of the Administration's charges that the Soviets have been using chemical and biological weapons in Afghanistan and Southeast Asia. A few weeks later the even more skeptical *New York Times* finally capitulated and admitted that the State Department had made a "serious case" for its charges. But a few other questions are in order: Where is Seymour Hersh? Where are Woodward and Bernstein? Where are all those intrepid muckrakers who delight in proving that *our* government is lying to us? Do they think we can trust the Kremlin to tell the truth? Why was it incumbent on the State Department to persuade the media about "yellow rain"? Why haven't they been researching this hot one for themselves? Is the Socialist Bloc exempt from investigative journalism?

■ "Reagan's America: And the Poor Get Poorer." Thus the cover of *Newsweek*, featuring a mournful-looking little girl with a dirty face, as if to suggest that Reagan has already cut off the water supply, and dried bread crusts are next. Inside, photos of poor people, artists' conceptions of the Widening Gap between Rich and Poor, and a cartoon of Reagan as werewolf. Plus lotsa quotes from experts like Michael Harrington. Hardly a mention of an inflation rate that dipped to an annualized 3 per cent in February, which means that the government of which Reagan is head is impoverishing America far more slowly than at any time in recent memory.

■ The space shuttle *Columbia* landed perfectly at White Sands missile range in New Mexico. The Age of Carter really *is* over.

■ Since President Reagan was shot a year ago, the Pope has been shot, his assailant tried, sentenced, and imprisoned, General Dozier has been kidnapped, held for a month, rescued, his captors caught, tried, and sentenced, and the President's assailant hasn't even come to trial yet. And Americans love to joke about Italian inefficiency.

■ The editors of all eight Ivy League student newspapers have supported a statement calling for the end of U.S. military aid to El Salvador, a depressing example of lock-step liberalism and further proof—if any were required—of the need for such independent papers as *The Dartmouth Review*, Princeton's *Madison Report*, and Harvard's *Salient*, all of which agree with the voters of El Salvador and back the cause of democracy there.

■ Has a genial Soviet diplomat such as Boris Davydov dropped in on you lately? The *Washington Post* of March 28 quotes Representative Guy Vander Jagt (Mich.), chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, on Davydov: "I always thoroughly enjoy our conversations. He holds nothing back. . . . He gives me the impression that he's just coming to see me as a friend. I may be a dupe, but I really believe a friendship has developed. It's like a lobbyist—you hit a spark with one another and a friendship grows." Vander Jagt—who says he keeps the FBI informed—professes to think he comes out ahead in exchanging information with his visitor. Meanwhile, we learned Davydov's name and status—KGB chief in Washington—through quiet inquiry concerning the source of

Endorsing Lowell Weicker

Jerry Ford gave his blessing last weekend
  Without anyone pausing to blink.
Howard Baker was also supportive
  And, as usual, way out of sync.
Mr. Laxalt's endorsement, however,
  Left conservative voters unstrung,
For if Weicker's the hope of the future,
  Then my mother devours her young.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Why is it that the Great Communicator is losing the communications war? The budget, Central America, and now peace have, respectively, been co-opted by the tax-tax, spend-spend incorrigibles, by the aggressive and cunning Nicaraguans (with American technical support in the PR field), and by an amalgam of politicians, anti-nukers, and Leonid Brezhnev.

The peace issue is the most durable of the three. It will last, and the politicians know it—Senators Hatfield and Kennedy have put in legislation calling for a nuclear freeze, and 150 House members have endorsed it. Brezhnev handed in his own endorsement when, in mid-March, he called a halt to further Soviet deployment of SS-20 missiles, to which Reagan responded negatively and defensively, failing to reiterate his moving "zero-option" call, an omission which has set the Washington issue-spotters wondering why.

Reagan's communications-war performance has inspired pundits like Joseph C. Harsch, a veteran (and venerable) liberal, to say that "Plainly, the government in Washington needs a coordinator of information—or what in some countries would be called a propaganda minister," a view widely held here. Watch for a White House shakeup, a fresh communications budget, and a new face or two.

■ The peace issue is an idea, it appears, whose time has come. The troops are different this time around, congressmen are noting on their trips home. The folk in the 160 towns in Vermont and the half-million-plus petition signers who want to put a bilateral freeze proposal before the electorate—these are not etiolated twenty-year-olds with Ben Franklin glasses and beards, carrying literature by Barry Commoner and Jonathan Schell. They are your classic bourgeois plus a goodly sprinkling of Roman Catholic clergy of high station, something new in this country's ban-the-bomb campaign. This issue, of the three listed above, has the longest shelf-life.

So it behooves Ronald Reagan to scuttle the nuclear-freeze notion pronto, it being a quite poisonous species of sophistry. But you don't do that by saying, Brezhnev is all wet, folks. Unlike Gresham's law, good ideas drive out bad ideas. Reagan needs a good idea (listed below for his convenience) to expel Brezhnev's specious one, which gains favor because the objective, perceived as good, launders the phony and dangerous means.

Start START now. That's what conservatives (even hardliners) are saying around this town. Begin the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks at once, despite the members of the Administration who want to wait till later in the year. Oh yes, go gangbusters on defense re-armament at the same time, of course, enhancing the peace objective by improving bargaining leverage. But regain the offensive. Either the Gipper intercepts Brezhnev's pass or the anti-nukers will race to the goal line with it.

The President should take a leaf out of Clement Zablocki's book. The Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, a sensible and experienced Democrat who rather persistently addresses himself to the merits of issues rather than their politics, wants to start START now. He has put in a bill halfway between the "freezers" and the later-rather-than-sooner types. Reagan should follow Zablocki's lead, take to the tube, tell the world we've had enough of Brezhnev's grandstanding gimcrackery, note that the USSR has rejected every on-site verification proposal for decades, and call for the immediate opening of START.

■ On March 1, legions of students from all over the country descended on Capitol Hill to protest budget cuts in student aid. About one hundred of them gathered in the hallway outside Congressman Gerry Solomon's office, chanting, "Books, not bombs!"

The Congressman was meeting with constituents in his office and heard the ruckus. So he went out into the hallway and, after greeting the students, said he would be happy to talk with them in his office, but there were too many to fit in all at once.

"So why don't we do this?" he offered. "How many of you have parents who earn more than $50,000 a year?" About fifty put their hands up. "You stand over there," Solomon directed, pointing to a section of the hallway. "Now how many of you are eligible for the draft but have not yet registered?" Thirty put up their hands. "Now you go over there," said the Congressman.

Turning to the fifty whose parents earned more than fifty grand annually he said, "I have an idea for you. Talk to your parents about your book bills first. Then come and see me." To the thirty unregistered eligibles, he said, "Gentlemen, why don't you register first, then come and see me."

To the twenty remaining, he said, "Now you who have standing, come with me," and led them into his office.

The strategy is known as instant Divide and Conquer, and has been winning Solomon plaudits and chuckles from his Hill colleagues and also herewith. —CATO

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an interview with an anonymous "high-ranking official of the Soviet embassy" in Bonn's *Die Welt* of January 14, 1980. No chumminess radiated on that occasion. The interviewer portrayed the source as brutal, bitter, aggressive, and contemptuous toward the United States.

■ The World Food Council, a UN agency, has released a report on the state (mostly bad) of food production in Africa. Flora Lewis of the *New York Times* came across a copy, and noted an interesting political nexus. "Burma, studied as a contrasting example, is suddenly making real progress after almost a generation of stagnancy in a repressive attempt to create an isolated 'Asian Socialism.' . . . Though the formal report lacks the candor to say so, the international studies show the opposite trend in African countries still on the socialist path. Madagascar is a prime example. It was in relatively good shape a decade ago but has sunk to the disaster level after stubborn misguidance. The lesson is that there is no substitute to encouraging farmers to grow food and sell it. . . . After a lot of fancy fiddling with notions about the 'economic order,' the experts are coming back to basics." Socialism does not help people; it helps people to think that people are being helped.

■ A majority of the Organization of African Unity

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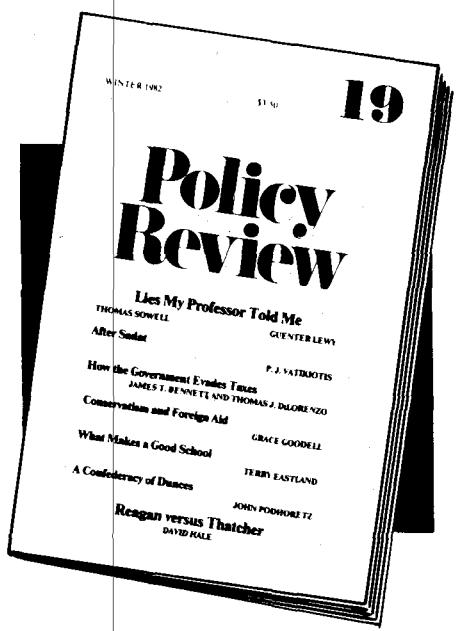

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has voted to admit the Polisario Front as the 51st member of the organization. While the move pleased Algeria and Libya, major sponsors of the Marxist guerrillas, 19 other members of the OAU, led by Morocco, which has been fighting the guerrillas for seven years, have vowed not to attend any OAU meetings at which the Polisarios are present. The dispute is the stormiest in the 19 stormy years of the OAU's existence, and may result in its collapse. Right now it appears certain that the annual meeting of the OAU, scheduled for Tripoli, capital of Libya, in August, won't take place. Since the host of the annual meeting is usually named chairman of the organization, it looks as if Qaddafi's maneuvering on behalf of the Polisarios may cost him the chairmanship he has long coveted.

■ By some unimaginable osmotic chemistry, the *New York Times* has actually discovered that Fidel Castro —make that "President" Castro—has provided arms to the guerrillas in El Salvador, transshipped through Nicaragua. This revelation, excavated from the deeper strata of the *Times*' news columns, arrived only months after Fidel himself announced it.

■ The surprise winner of this year's Academy Award, *Chariots of Fire*, is a superb film celebratory of normal emotions—the striving for excellence—and a beautifully evocative period piece. Amid the sleazy scandals of today's big-time college athletics, it reminds us that sports, not all that long ago, were a largely amateur affair. And *Chariots of Fire* runs to relatively normal length: you don't have to bring meals and a sleeping bag to the theater. Things may well be looking up, even if you can't stand Jane Fonda.

■ In his farewell to his readers, the late Garry Wills let it all hang out. The United States should *unilaterally* put a freeze on nuclear weapons. "The only freeze that has a chance is precisely the one that is called unrealistic—a unilateral one, one that does not depend on trust of others but on the testing of oneself." R I P.

■ BLOCK THAT ZEUGMA DEPT.: An order of responsibility, please, and easy on the sauce: Representative Louis Stokes (D., Ohio) has advised his colleagues in Congress that Church's Fried Chicken, Inc., is "committed to serving equal portions of good fried chicken and corporate responsibility."

■ The Popcorn Institute declares itself to be a casualty of Reaganomics, due to the discontinuance of some minor popcorn acreage reports by the Department of Agr—the *Popcorn Institute*?

■ A Food and Drug Administration advisory panel concludes that teenage acne is caused by hormonal changes during puberty, not by eating chocolate and fatty junk food. There goes our last chance to keep our kids from pigging out.

■ We can't pass up the following interchange in "Dear Abby." "Teacher" writes, "I would like to comment on your reply [about] which is correct, 'I feel bad' or 'I feel badly.' You answered that 'I feel bad' is correct. Wrong! The word 'bad' is an adjective and must modify a noun. . . . When you ask someone how he feels, an adverb must be used. . . . Therefore, 'I feel badly' is correct. I teach English . . ." Abby replies, "Sorry, . . . most verbs are modified by adverbs, but [not] verbs that do not show action. . . . Hence, . . . 'I feel bad' is correct."

Dear Abby:

Teacher is wrongly. You are correctly, but for the wrongly reasons. We feel illy. Don't know whether to break uply or throw uply. Sincere,

The Editors

■ Sorry to report that the IRS has ruled that physicians may not deduct carnival costumes as a business expense.

Salvador: What Now For the Left?

The voters of El Salvador have inflicted a humiliating defeat not only upon their own domestic Left but upon all of those both here and abroad who have—with varying degrees of consciousness—been maneuvering for a Communist victory in that small and impoverished country.

By hundreds of thousands, the voters made their way to the polls. They defied guerrilla threats and violence to do so. Because the guerrillas had been blowing up buses, many in rural areas trudged miles along dusty roads in order to vote. Long lines of people waited patiently at polling places in order to cast a ballot. And a couple of hundred foreign observers attested to the overall fairness of the procedures.

In the constituent assembly resulting from the elections, the supporters of President Duarte appear to have won a plurality, followed closely by those of Roberto D'Aubisson, whose Nationalist Republican Alliance stands to the right of Duarte. Mr. D'Aubisson has been called a murderer by the former American ambassador and compared to Attila the Hun by the *New York Times*; the voters appear to see him a bit differently. But whatever political configuration emerges, the guerrillas utterly failed to wreck the election, and in their failure demonstrated both political and military weakness.

In addition to the Communist guerrillas, many out-

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Send Us More Demonstrators

As placards pierced the evening skies,
The sullen chicks and bearded guys
Appeared on prime-time TV screens
With headbands, sneakers, grass, and jeans.
Although the strategy was aimed
At leaving Mr. Reagan maimed,
Nostalgia for the Sixties ain't
An attitude most see as quaint.

W. H. VON DREELE

side El Salvador are today highly embarrassed by what has taken place. The voters of El Salvador evidently think more highly of Duarte and of the democratic process than do, for example, the majority of American Catholic bishops, who have been urging a cutoff of military aid and "negotiations" with the insurgents. That, indeed, was the dominant Left position worldwide, from the Ivy League student editors, to the street demonstrators here and abroad, to the Elysée Palace, where Régis Debray coaches President Mitterrand on Latin American matters. El Salvador, according to this formula, was to be Vietnamized—through a cutoff in aid, *à la* 1973, and a consequent military collapse. The voters in El Salvador have loudly said no thanks.

The position of the Reagan Administration has now been strengthened, and the political atmosphere dramatically altered. Resistance to further aid, training, and advisors should be weaker, as the Left skulks, licks its wounds, and searches around for some more likely arena in which to advance the Communist cause.

Regulating the Regulators

Taking a cue from Alexander the Great on the Gordian Knot question, the Senate voted, 94 to 0, to cut the power of the federal regulatory agencies, the bureaucratic Fourth Estate: to require agencies to run cost-benefit analyses of new regulations, and to pick the cheapest means of enforcing them; to remove the legal presumption in favor of agency expertise; and to allow Congress to veto regulations by majority vote.

It has been a long time coming. Congress started by delegating its power, and the agencies, naturally enough, exercised it. The burdens laid upon them were onerous, and the mandates vague (how clean is clean air? what is an unfair trade practice?). Any power exercised under such conditions is likely to be intrusive and capricious. The Senate now seeks the right to overrule the grosser results of the process it set up, at the cost of increasing its own workload.

At the same time, Congress now seems eager to recapture its power in other areas. As C. Dickerman Williams points out, recent proposals to restrict the power of the courts in busing and abortion cases have ample precedent: "Congress has—in the plain language of the Constitution and in the construction which the Supreme Court has repeatedly given that language—the power to remove from the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court such cases as it sees fit" (*NR*, Feb. 5). The mere raising of such questions reflects sizable public impatience with entrenched judicial thinking. If Congress acts on such charged issues, it will surely be reflecting the deliberate sense of the people.

The increasing disjunction between popular sentiment and the prejudices of the bureaucrats of the bench and the executive branch has generated enormous resentment. Congress is responding by attempting to redress the balance.

Crisis of Confidence

Menachem Begin went into the meat-grinder of Israeli politics last month, and stayed one blade away from being turned into salami. According to the Camp David agreement, Israel will complete its pullout from the Sinai on April 25. In order to diffuse the resentment of his fellow hawks, Begin had to show no signs of weakness anywhere else, particularly on the West Bank. The crackdown there, however—cashiered mayors, censorship, repression—stimulated the opposition Labor Party to bring a vote of no-confidence in the Knesset. Four hawks voted with Labor, in protest over the Sinai withdrawal. The vote was a tie, and Begin survived to fight another day.

Meanwhile, the worldwide no-confidence vote gets closer and closer. We are not talking about the assorted Communists and kakistocrats at the UN, or the have-demonstration/will-travel types whose infatuation with the PLO is matched only by their love of the Salvadoran guerrillas. We are talking about the confidence of normal, rational people, which, especially in this country, has been lodged in Israel as a democratic, pro-Western, beleaguered state. This confidence cannot be permanently shaken by moves of a defensive, military character. It can be, and is being, shaken by Begin's unique combination of vote-scrounging and Biblical irredentism. Another such victory, and Israel may be undone.

Fun to Be Fooled

Shirley Christian is a Pulitzer Prize winner who reports on Latin America for the *Miami Herald*, and she has lately stirred the journalistic community with an essay in the *Washington Journalism Review*. After studying six hundred stories from the Nicaraguan revolution, as told by the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the *CBS Evening News*, she con-

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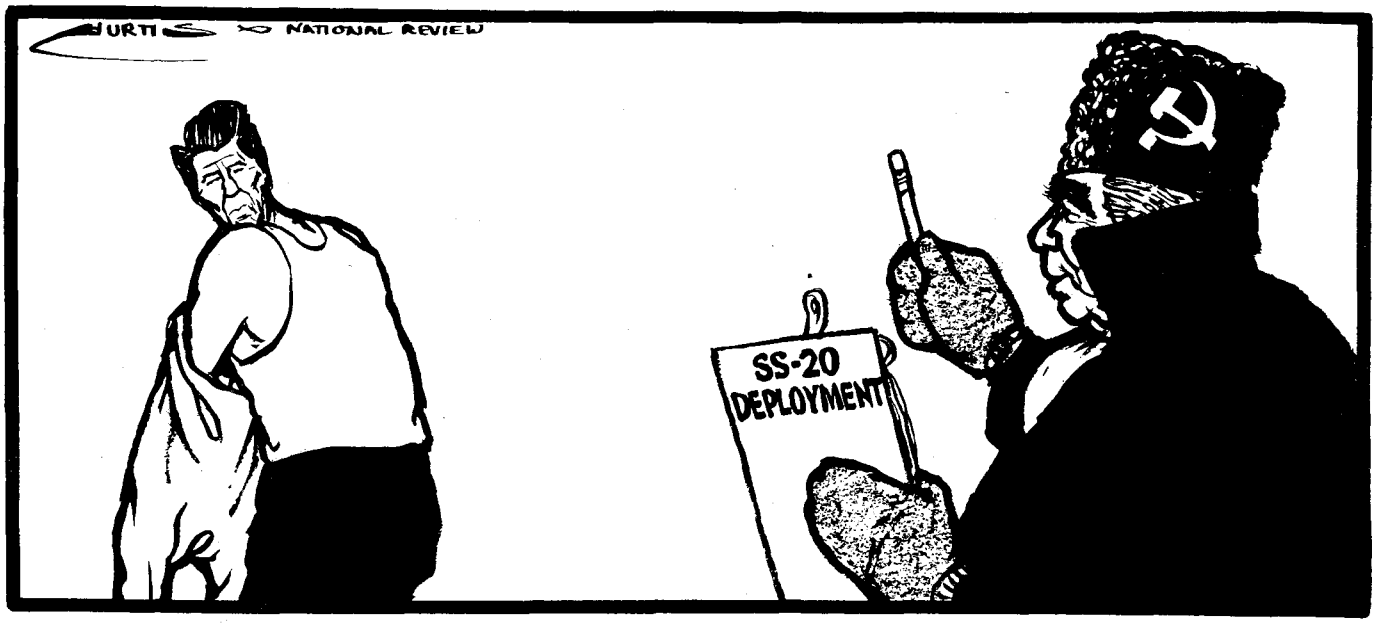

"How about an immediate freeze?"

cludes that the media were all so obsessed with the villainy of Anastasio Somoza that they viewed the Sandinista rebels through "a romantic haze," and neglected to inquire into a number of hot angles like where the rebels' weapons were coming from. The ideology of the rebels was also whitewashed. "Sandinistas Disclaim Marxism," announced a *Washington Post* story by Karen DeYoung.

Since Mrs. Christian's study, the *Post* has buried another Nicaraguan story, the closing of *La Prensa*. Somoza used to close the newspaper down periodically too, but that was front-page stuff. One might think the U.S. media would rally to their beleaguered counterpart in its hour of peril; one might think they would also resent the deceptions practiced on them by the Sandinistas, even as they resent deceptions by the State Department. But apparently not.

The "postponement" of elections and the suspension (temporary, of course) of the constitution seem likewise to have stirred no great indignation, or even interest, among American journalists. In fact the casual reader might get the impression that our journalists think a Sandinista-type guerrilla war is a better way to select leadership for El Salvador than an election. Elections, after all, may be corrupt and imperfect; whereas a civil war, so long as the U.S. doesn't interfere (never mind whether anyone else does), is likely to produce a progressive embodiment of the people's legitimate aspirations.

Pension Piñata

Remember all that money you thought you had salted away in your company pension fund—the money you were counting on for your retirement? Well, the politicians have their eye on it. They'd like to use it for "social investment"—which means using it for the benefit of politicians instead of retirees. And if you like what the politicians do with your tax dollars, wait till you hear what they've got planned for your retirement savings.

The notion that pension funds should be used for "social investment" began, as one might expect, way out on the Left, with people like Tom Hayden and Jeremy Rifkin of the People's Business Commission. Then it spread to more conventional liberal settings, popping up in, for example, *The New Republic*'s proposed Democratic platform for the Eighties. Now even the Reagan Administration, which should know better, is toying with the idea of steering pension money into housing.

It was probably inevitable that the money in pension funds would eventually attract the attention of government spenders. There it was, billion upon billion, up until now completely unexpropriated, and as neatly packaged as a piñata. Now a whole lineup of spending interests are eager to have a swing at it, and once one succeeds in cracking it open, the scramble for goodies is likely to be intense.

Behind all this is the same view as the one held by the larcenous Uncle Duke in *Doonesbury*, who exclaimed when the law finally caught up with him: "But the pension fund was just sitting there!" All the pension funds are doing now is trying to maximize their return on investment, within strict bounds of prudence and safety, by holding blue-chip securities and the like. To the impatient planner, this looks like "just sitting there": those funds need to be "mobilized" to reindustrialize America, revive aging cities, or whatever. (How anyone can hope to revive American industry by withdrawing billions of dollars from the current pool of corporate financing is another question.)

As the office of Representative Trent Lott (R.,

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Miss.) pointed out in a paper issued during the last Congress, there are only two possibilities as to what sort of alternative investments pension funds would make once they were "mobilized." The more moderate of the two courses would be to continue investing in blue-chips with a market rate of return, but limit their choice to only some of them, such as those in a favored region of the country or in a favored industry. This would be completely ineffective in changing the overall pattern of investment, even given the large size of pension funds, because the capital market is so fluid. Other investors would withdraw funds from the areas newly favored by the pension mobilizers and invest them in the areas from which the mobilizers had withdrawn. But although this arrangement would have little effect on investment, it would harm the funds' beneficiaries by depriving them of the full advantages of diversification. This is also the reason workers should think twice before letting their pension fund buy the factory where they work—even when the factory is not (as is often the case) decrepit and on the verge of shutting down. If the factory fails, workers lose both their jobs and their savings.

The second course "social investment" could take would be investments with a low or even negative rate of return. Does this sound like a banana-republic scheme? Then it should come as no surprise that New York City has already put it into effect: when the city government was about to go broke, municipal-employee pension funds bought huge quantities of junky bonds no prudent investor would have touched.

Now the Reagan Administration is proposing, as part of its plan to aid the housing industry, to "allow" pension funds to invest in housing construction. In itself, this might not be such a bad idea; after all, it does mean less regulation. But the pressure for this change had been coming, not from those who represent the interests of retirees, but from those with a classic conflict of interest: the carpenters' union and the like. If the Administration is to avoid setting some very bad precedents, it should tread carefully here.

Canada: Rotting Hill

Lacking an effective Conservative Party, Canada is marching steadily, blandly down a socialist road. Things get said in Canada routinely which would frighten any believer in democratic capitalism or even in a democratic society. As an example of highly significant statements in Canada which get little or no attention, there is this sentence from the final report of the Royal Commission on Newspapers, which occurs in a discussion of newspapers in Sweden (p. 15): "As in Canada, it was left-wing viewpoints that tended to be under-represented as commercialism increased its hold."

Now if there is one indisputable fact about Canada, it is that left-wing viewpoints are *not* under-represented in the Canadian press. The leftist anti-anti-Communist New Democratic Party (NDP), which can count on about 20 per cent of the vote in parliamentary elections, receives an enormous amount of media attention. Its spokeswoman on foreign affairs, Pauline Jewett, gets lots of publicity whenever she inveighs against El Salvador or NATO. The NDP leader, Ed Broadbent, made page one when he went to El Salvador worrying about human rights and followed that trip with a visit to Fidel Castro, protector—says the NDP—of human rights in Central America.

That little sentence in the report, which went virtually unnoticed by commentators, tells a great deal about the state of the Canadian political establishment and the almost irreversible alteration of Canada's democratic capitalism which began with Prime Minister Trudeau's coming to power in 1968.

The attack on the Canadian press—a timorous little beastie at best and well infected with left-wing viewpoints—by the Royal Commission is no unique phenomenon. It is merely another example of the boldness and the openness with which Canada is being remade into a socialist, syndicalist society by Trudeau's powerful liberal-Left bureaucracy. Through all this the Progressive Conservative Party, probably the most ineffective conservative organization in any Western democracy, quietly accepts what it regards as inevitable.

Sticks and Stones

From Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick's reply to Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega at the UN Security Council: "All discussions in the Sandinista-controlled Council of State of the proposed media and political parties laws have been suspended. The Ministry of Interior has made an unspecified number of 'preventive arrests' of people who are *suspected* of having ties with counter-revolutionaries. Radio Católica has been closed down indefinitely and all radio news programs, except official statements, are prohibited. *La Prensa* and all other media are required to submit news stories for prior censorship. Yesterday it was unable to publish, since 50 per cent of the paper was found objectionable. Opposition political leaders have been informed that they cannot leave the country; the passport of one politician was seized when he attempted to make a routine trip abroad. A new 'patriotic tax' is to be imposed on businesses to help finance its latest mobilization campaign."

Mrs. Kirkpatrick went on to examine Ortega's charge that the U.S. has been implacably hostile to the Sandinistas. With U.S. help, the Sandinistas received more loans in two years from the International Development Bank than the Somoza government received in any decade, she noted. The U.S. provided more aid

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than any other government to the Sandinista regime during its first 18 months in power. "The fact of United States support for economic reconstruction and national independence in Nicaragua proved less powerful than the stereotype—we remained the Yankee enemy of mankind."

Query

Ever since the Stockman/*Atlantic* flap in November, the supply-side question has faded from view. Neither side seems combative, and the matter has been left hanging. It is as if Stockman's private doubts were accepted by all as politically decisive.

But in one sense the supply-side thesis is almost self-evident: if tax rates of 100 per cent would destroy all incentive to produce, then there must be an optimum level of taxation, a more or less narrow range of tax rates above or below which tax revenues tail off.

The supply-side argument, concretely, has been that we are already taxed above the optimum—that the Federal Government is taking too much for its own good. If we cut tax rates, therefore, we will not only revive the economy but—the seemingly forgotten point—reduce the deficit.

Critics of the supply-side case presumably think we are still taxed less than the economy can bear, and that raising taxes now would generate more tax revenues. Is this, in fact, their judgment? And if so, would they step forward to say at about what point they think taxation does become self-defeating?

What Ever Happened To Comandante Cero?

On August 22, 1978, 25 Sandinista guerrillas dressed in the uniforms of the Nicaraguan National Guard stormed the National Palace in Managua and took 1,500 hostages including most of the national assembly and two Somoza relatives. All of the guerrillas were masked, and remained masked for the next five days, except their leader, "Comandante Cero," Commander Zero. He was Eden Pastora, a veteran Sandinista leader. Five days later, he and his men, plus a half-million-dollar ransom and 59 released political prisoners, flew off to Panama, where they received asylum.

On June 16, 1979 Comandante Cero led a group of six to seven hundred well-armed, well-trained guerrillas into Nicaragua from their sanctuary in Costa Rica. It was the beginning of the end for the Somoza regime. Within a month, his government fell.

Last summer, the Comandante resigned from his position in the Nicaraguan government and left the country in search, it was said, of new oppressions to right. "I can't stand to see the death by hunger of defenseless fellow peoples without taking up my revolutionary rifle," said Comandante Cero in a statement "reminiscent of Che Guevara's farewell to Castro before slipping away to Bolivia, and his death," reported the leftist *Guardian*.

There the trail petered out. Nothing more was heard from el Comandante. He did not, as many expected, turn up in El Salvador or Guatemala as the leader of a rebel band. Nor has he turned up in the ranks of disillusioned Nicaraguan defectors. There have been rumors from time to time that Pastora was ready to go public with a searing indictment of the authoritarian regime his former comrades are imposing on the people he, and they, said they were fighting to liberate. But that hasn't happened either.

And the reason could be that Comandante Cero is dead. A Mexican journalist, Enrique Fairlie Fuentes, a daily columnist for *El Heraldo* in Mexico City, is convinced of it, and tells this grisly story.

The reason Pastora left Nicaragua, says Fuentes, was that he opposed the Sovietization of his fatherland and could do nothing to stop it. In like situations, Fidel Castro responded fast. He put his former comrade Huber Matos in jail when Matos objected to the Communist dictatorship Castro was forging in Cuba. But the Sandinistas were less ruthless. The Comandante made it safely across the border to Costa Rica, where his former supporter President Rodrigo Carazo Odio put him under arrest and subsequently turned him over to Panamanian strongman Omar Torrijos, another former friend and supporter. Torrijos in turn, says Fuentes, sold Pastora to Fidel Castro, who turned his bully boys on him. He was questioned under a truth drug and tortured. Both arms and both legs were broken before Comandante Cero was turned back over to Nicaraguan authorities, who executed him. Fuentes says he was buried secretly at night about fifty miles from Managua under an old road that links Managua with León.

Felix Morley, R I P

Felix Morley, a pioneering embodiment of the Old Right who died recently at the age of 88, was the "middle brother" of a famous literary family that included Christopher, the romantic novelist, and Frank, the London publisher. After an unsuccessful effort to imitate the far more ebullient Chris as a fiction writer, Felix discovered that his own forte was a severe logic and his natural medium a political journalism that depended on a scholarly approach. He won a Pulitzer Prize as chief editorialist for Eugene Meyer's *Washington Post* before World War II. With his Quaker background (he had grown up on the campus of Haverford College, where his mathematician father taught

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for years), Felix felt he could not in good conscience continue writing editorials under wartime restrictions. Accordingly, he left the *Post* to become president of Haverford. Rufus Jones, the Quaker philosopher, had urged him to take the job "not because thee is a good Quaker, but because further exposure to Quakerism will do thee good."

The Quakerism is important to any understanding of Felix Morley. It will not do to call him an isolationist or a pacifist. But his internationalism shied away from dynamic balance-of-power considerations. He was one of the early believers in the League of Nations as the "parliament of man," which hoped to substitute jaw-jaw for war-war. Felix's hopes for the League were dashed, but he did not become a cold warrior. He felt that Eastern Europe was lost to the West after Yalta, and that there would not be much profit in subordinating conservative, or libertarian, needs at home to building a military machine capable of altering by force the de facto post-World War II boundaries.

In 1944 Felix Morley, in company with Frank Hanighen and Henry Regnery, started a publication in Washington called *Human Events: A Weekly Analysis for the American Citizen.* Morley's animating conception for *Human Events* featured a weekly *feuilleton* written by William Henry Chamberlin, John T. Flynn, Carleton Beals, Henry Beston, and Morley himself, with a sideline department under Hanighen's direction called "Not Merely Gossip." When the Hiss case broke, the "Not Merely Gossip" tail tended to wag the dog in Washington reader acceptance.

Morley resisted Hanighen's desire to make *Human Events* much more of a reportorial organ concentrating on the growing cold war. It was not that Morley did not believe in resisting Soviet expansionism. But he thought that first principles dictated giving major emphasis to fighting the procession of New and Fair Deals that was centralizing power in Washington despite the Ninth and Tenth Amendments to the Constitution. To prevent further concentration of power, Morley wanted to limit the growth of military spending to a proportion grounded in Senator Robert Taft's ideas about strictly defensive needs. Always one to follow his conscience, when Morley lost the battle with Hanighen, he regretfully resigned as a *Human Events* collaborator. This was the first important indication of an impending Old Right/New Right split.

The resignation from *Human Events*, which has continued to be favorite reading with Ronald Reagan, did not end Felix Morley's contributions to the conservative movement. His two books, *The Power in the People* and *Freedom and Federalism*, stressing "Constitutionalism in a strict rather than pliable interpretation," are the most persuasive arguments extant for the philosophy embraced by Ronald Reagan in his New Federalism. Morley's autobiography, *For the Record*, is an eloquent testimony to the need for Reaganism in economics and in the political allocation of power between Washington, the fifty state capitals, and the 200-million-odd citizens who have never relinquished any of the rights that come within the scope of the first ten amendments to the Constitution.

—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Grand Strategy

First, lock the tax cuts into place
  And don't give up one penny,
Then scale the welfare budget down—
  Which would have pleased Jack Benny.
Next, back amendments which would bar
  All deficits tomorrow,
And laugh as liberals deplore
  This check on spend-and-borrow.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I came across NATIONAL REVIEW in my doctor's office. He's a cheap s.o.b. when it comes to buying magazines for his waiting room, but not when the bill comes. He also makes you wait so long that it is easy to read all of his magazines, which is how I ended up reading yours. I liked what I read, although I couldn't understand many of the words. I even took the magazine with me when I left—the doctor has overcharged me enough to pay for a lifetime subscription, which won't be long if I keep going to him. (I would have ripped off an ashtray too, but they were tinfoil ones he had pinched from McDonald's.)

I thought I'd show some of the articles to the guys at the mill and the Eagles, particularly one on taxes and another on CETA fraud. Unfortunately those dummies had an even harder time understanding the "heavy" words you use. You should write a magazine for ordinary people because we are sick of paying too much in taxes, and Congress spending our money or giving it away or dumping it down the sewer. You have plenty to tell us, but first we have to be able to understand what you're saying.

Of course I don't think words are ever going to change things, even fancy ones in pretty magazines. I think it's going to take ordinary people getting so fed up with the government that we just tell them to go to hell with their taxes. Their hands are so deep in our pockets now that our privates aren't safe, which is ample reason for breaking a few fingers.

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Lately I've been reading a lot about the American Revolution. I sure take my hat off to those colonists. They didn't take this tax crap from anybody, including a King. The Sons of Liberty had the right idea. They roughed up or threatened so many tax agents that pretty soon there weren't enough agents to collect the taxes. Some of them were smart lawyers and such, but most of the Sons of Liberty were just plain working stiffs who got mad enough to do something. It wasn't words that scared off the tax collectors and I don't think it ever will be. There's too much money at stake to win this pot bluffing.

That's why some of us from the mill and the Eagles got together and started up Sons of Liberty again. We are a secret organization, not because we're afraid to be known but to create that certain fear of the unknown among those we consider to be our enemies. We hold our meetings at our favorite tavern because none of the tax tyrants would be so stupid as to show their necks in there. Some of the wives joined, too. They have more guts and dedication than most of the men because they are even madder about taxes and inflation. They see the money as coming out of their food and clothes for the kids.

I am writing this letter about us hoping you print it so people in other places start thinking about the Sons of Liberty, and how they were so successful in beating back the tax tyrant. If they read about us and start their own Sons of Liberty we'll be repeating the same process that accounted for so many Sons of Liberty during the Revolution. If that happens you can be sure the politicians will stop talking about cutting taxes while they're really raising them.

Sincerely,
Sam Adams
Chardon, Ohio

"It's inescapably clear. He's adamantly opposed to any further tax increases."

Dear Sam: I don't for *one minute* believe your name is really Sam Adams. But some of his genes are there, you bet, and so I hope your doctor takes care of you. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Conservatives may have problems defining conservatism, but apparently our Seattle Public Library has no such problem. The Library recently installed a microfilm "pushbutton card catalogue," so, wanting to test it out, I twirled the dial of the "subject" machine to a good subject—"liberal"—and found upon the viewing screen:

LIBERALISM—SEE ALSO LAISSEZ FAIRE

(This was followed by individual book lists.) Laissez faire? That's interesting. Following through, I find:

LAISSEZ FAIRE—SEE ALSO COMPETITION, INDUSTRY AND STATE

Still fascinated, I wonder what they have to say about "conservatives." I soon find out:

CONSERVATISM—SEE ALSO AUTHORITARIANISM

And finally:

AUTHORITARIANISM—SEE ALSO AUTHORITY, DESPOTISM, FASCISM, NATIONAL SOCIALISM, TOTALITARIANISM

As you can see, we here in Seattle can get quite a political education in our library system without going beyond the card catalogue—at least an education as to the political mindset of some of our librarians.

Yours truly,
Edward D. Babcock
Seattle, Wash.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I recently read, with great interest, your article appearing in *Harper's* on "Giving Yale to Connecticut."

In that article you said: "if mind and conscience led them to the conclusion, they would be not only free, but compelled to decide . . ."

I assume that your use of the construction "not only . . . but . . ." is a form of "not only . . . but *also* . . ." If so, how can someone who is free also be compelled? If not, what did you intend to say?

Otherwise keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,
Scott Brewer
SUNY at Stonybrook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Brewer: What I wrote is a contraction of "not only free, but [assuming your mind and conscience are in working order] compelled to [etc.]." Any time. And thanks very much. Cordially, **—WFB**

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Mubarak's Domino

TODAY'S GLAMOR issues of foreign policy—Central America, Soviet chemical and toxin warfare, European and U.S. ban-the-bomb movements—are not what currently intrigue Washington connoisseurs of diplomacy and geo-strategy. They are focusing on the twists and turns of Hosni Mubarak and Menachem Begin. Specifically, will Mubarak's refusal to visit Jerusalem set off a domino reaction, triggering a hostile response by Begin and leading to an Islamic crescent in flames?

Since taking command of the Egyptian government last October after the traumatic assassination of Anwar Sadat, Hosni Mubarak has barely missed a beat. His leadership has been surefooted, skillful, realistic, and tough. His first order of business is the reintegration of Egypt into the Arab world —after Sadat's separation from it— and, indeed, capturing the leadership of that world, which he rightly judges to be up for grabs. Iraq is too spent by war to claim it. Saudi Arabia lacks the fire in the belly. Syria wants it but doesn't have the political stability to pursue and manage it.

Recently, Begin invited Mubarak to Israel, and urged him to visit Jerusalem, its capital, notwithstanding its electric symbolism for Arabs. Mubarak declined. A visit to Jerusalem could be interpreted as a gesture of approval of Begin's progressive annexation of the West Bank (which he sees as a swap for the Sinai).

So Mubarak set down the conditions under which he would come to Israel: only working sessions, no overnight stay, no visit to Jerusalem. To which Begin retorted, Thanks but no thanks. If you won't visit Jerusalem, don't bother visiting at all. Begin's point was that by keeping Jerusalem off his itinerary, Mubarak was really staging a protest demonstration, saying in effect that the annexation of East Jerusalem was and remains illegitimate. Also, one cannot conduct a state visit to Israel and avoid Jerusalem, any more than one could spend a state visit to the United States entirely in, say, Philadelphia.

Mubarak's actions must be read against the backdrop of the Sinai, the last slice of which is only a few days away from being handed back to Egypt —lock, stock, oilfields, and airstrips. The divestiture is acutely painful for the Israelis, and the nation is jumpy and irascible. To their credit, they are fulfilling their agreement, but they are doing it with set teeth and white knuckles. In return Israel gets the promise of peace made by a man who has since been murdered, and whose successor is bent on realigning Egypt with Israel's foes, the Arab world. The Israelis are also aware that Al Haig in his State Department inner sanctum said (according to leaked minutes) that the Sinai is "the only thing keeping Egypt from going back to the pre-peace-treaty stance" toward Israel. Mubarak's refusal to go to Jerusalem makes that view all the more believable, of course.

THE Israelis, in general, are prone to interpret everything in the light of perceived good or bad faith. Egypt, by reason of Mubarak's resurrection of Arab ties culminating in his Jerusalem no-go, falls into the bad-faith category, and so everything is jaundiced. The 15-odd disputed demarcations between the Sinai and Israel, for example, will be litigated by Israel on the basis of "no more concessions," says Ariel Sharon, the Defense Minister. Likewise, on the status of Jerusalem, "no more concessions," says Sharon. The inexorable annexation of the West Bank has taken on fresh impetus; the potential invasion of southern Lebanon will be reassessed in light of Egypt's putative bad faith. "No more blows to our national pride," vows Sharon. If the Israelis were looking for an excuse to hardline it, Mubarak has handed it to them.

Assuming that Mubarak's saying no to a Jerusalem visit really amounted to setting off a domino reaction, what is the second entry in the domino scenario? The invasion of Lebanon by Israel? Then the dominoes fall fast: the Syrians launch their Bekka Valley SAMs and President Assad, still doing a slow burn from Israel's Golan Heights annexation and thinking that war will unify his threatened political support, declares war. While, of itself, Syria cannot win a war with Israel, it can inflict bloody ruin—with 225,000 men under arms, another 100,000 in reserves that can be activated on short notice, 3,700 tanks, and 450 jet warplanes. Also, the Soviets will not hesitate to help Syria.

Should this happen, the PLO, the West Bank, Jordan, Iraq, Kuwait, Libya, and possibly Iran and Algeria would be sucked into the hellish eddy. Saudi Arabia would be pressured to retaliate against Israel's main ally, the United States. Up would go the price of oil, unemployment and prices would skyrocket, our economy would go into a tailspin and crash. That's one hypothesis.

The non-domino scenario is more probable, and goes like this: Begin proceeds with his annexation of the West Bank. It is then more likely than not that he will go on to order the penetration of southern Lebanon, but this is contingent on PLO behavior and on what Israeli intelligence learns about the volume of arms deliveries to the PLO over the last several months.

Retaliation by Syria is quite unlikely. For Assad's political survival, he needs an intact military, not a humiliated one. The Soviets, moreover, would withhold the nod, since they are preoccupied with problems of succession (Brezhnev is dying), Poland, Afghanistan, and a wretched economy. As for the other Arab states' getting drawn in, the Arab world is not unitary, not one big ball of wax that rolls or melts on command. In the Iran/Iraq war, Jordan is supporting Iraq, Syria is supporting Iran.

Less plausible though the domino reaction is, it is far from unthinkable, as four Middle Eastern wars since Israel's birth show.

What is left of Camp David—Palestinian autonomy—depends upon the composure and trust of the Israelis, both of which are now shot. They would be in much better shape had Mubarak gone to Jerusalem. Mysteriously enough, the path to Middle East peace, it appears, travels through the Holy City. □

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The Heart of the Problem

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

INTERESTING, is it not, to recall that Lenin and Trotsky once belonged to the "Russian Social Democratic Labor Party," until the Bolsheviks hived off from the Mensheviks. As a distinguished Argentine friend used to put it: "Social democracy is the antechamber of Communism." Was he necessarily or invariably right?

I note merely, for today, that Clement Attlee and Hugh Gaitskell were undoubtedly social democrats and that the party each once led, if returned to power in Britain's next general elections, would quite rapidly turn the United Kingdom into a people's democracy. So clear has this become even to those who for years went along with the ideological decadence of the British Labor Party that they have formed a Social Democratic Party of their own.

Exit Bonn?

I note also that, bar surprises, the West German Social Democrats, at their forthcoming Congress starting on April 19, will probably commit themselves to a security policy so close to Moscow's wishes as to be incompatible with continued membership of NATO.

There is some irony in this dismal trend. It was Helmut Schmidt, remember, who, back in 1977, first drew attention to the fearsome danger of the Soviet SS-20 missiles targeted on Western Europe and took the initiative in asking his American allies to do something about it. But ever since the NATO decision of December 1979 calling for the deployment of the new generation of U.S. missiles (Pershing II and cruise) on European soil, Schmidt has been dithering with "moratoria" and the kind of attitude best summed up by "Yes, but . . ." Today, after the battering he has had from the unilateralists and the pro-Soviet wing of his own party, the Chancellor is looking increasingly like a political burnt-out case.

Certainly, if one goes by the resolutions drafted in preparation for the Congress, there is no way the German Social Democrats are going to come out with unconditional support for the NATO decision, regardless of Schmidt's part in causing it to be taken in the first place. Suffice it to say that the main party resolution on security has been drafted by the notoriously anti-American party manager, Egon Bahr.

Bahr's draft resolution creates a quite amazing precedent (or will if adopted) in that it calls for no deployment of the American missiles in the Federal Republic *unless the SPD agrees.* In other words, supposing the SPD falls out with its Liberal coalition partners and a new government led by the Christian Democrats (CDU-CSU) takes over, it would be deprived of its sovereign right to decide what Germany's foreign policy should be.

As for Chancellor Schmidt, it is by now well known that what he says in private to other Western leaders is quite different from what he says for public consumption. Even in public, he has begun, rather ominously, to speak of "a security partnership with the East." What, pray, does this mean? I had thought in my innocence that we were being threatened from the East, and that this was why NATO was set up in the first place.

There is glib talk in Bonn these days of exploring *any* alternative to America's (and NATO's) policy of deploying the new weapons, including neutralization. Please note that the underlying philosophy of the Federal Republic's Ostpolitik, as drafted by Egon Bahr for Schmidt's predecessor, Willy Brandt, about 13 years ago, was that detente between East and West Germany would lead to neutralization; which in turn implies West Germany's departure from NATO.

French Incoherence

For such reasons, President Reagan's trip to Western Europe in June could well be the most crucially important any American Chief Executive has ever undertaken. I have written enough about the disarray in the Alliance to make the point clear, but a few words about President Mitterrand's recent lunch date with Ronald Reagan might help. There is a quite fascinating incoherence about French foreign policy under François Mitterrand and his Socialist-Communist coalition. In the broadest terms, the French President is even more Gaullist than was Giscard d'Estaing, meaning simply that he is even more determined to show that France may be an ally of the U.S. but is in no sense to be taken for granted as an unconditional supporter of whatever Washington may propose.

So on Poland and the problem of the SS-20s, Mitterrand and his External Relations Minister, Claude Cheysson, make all the right noises. But the French Socialists do not perceive, or claim not to perceive, the nonmilitary aspects of the Soviet threat. So they join with the West Germans in signing the giant deal for Soviet gas which could, at a critical time, place West European energy systems at least partially at the mercy of Moscow.

Likewise, they provide aid to Communist Vietnam and weapons for the Sandinistas of Nicaragua; and on El Salvador, they come out with the Left-honored platitudes about not supporting tyrannical regimes and the importance of social justice as distinct from defeating Communism. The fact that the Communist insurgents would introduce totalitarian rule in El Salvador is ignored, as is the consequent fact that defeating them is in itself a contribution to social justice.

The orthodox thinking in the Quai d'Orsay is that El Salvador is not an East-West problem, but a North-South one. This is exactly what Mitterrand and Cheysson want to hear, and support for the Sandinistas and their friends is seen as a relatively modest political price to pay to reduce the outrage felt by French Communists over the government's condemnation of Soviet behavior in Poland. The outcome, when Mitterrand and Reagan met, was a dialogue of the deaf—frank and friendly, but hardly a meeting of minds.

I am not at all sure that the President's well-known charm and the skills of American diplomacy are going to suffice to mend all the cracks in the Alliance. I suspect that the best to be hoped for is a bolstering of European readiness to stand up to the Soviets in the NATO area, which basically *is* Western Europe. On El Salvador and other points outside the NATO area, the Administration should simply do what it knows to be best, with or without Allied support. □

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WILLIAM R. HAWKINS

How to Give Away Your Future

LAW OF THE SEA

"NO NATIONAL INTEREST could justify ceding sovereign control of two-thirds of the earth's surface to the Third World." One could add that not only national interest but sound economics and political philosophy would also fail to justify such a transfer of sovereignty. Yet this is precisely the threat that confronts the United States at the Law of the Sea Conference—a threat which Leigh S. Ratiner, who made that statement, came to know quite well as chief U.S. negotiator at the Conference during the mid-Seventies.

The Law of the Sea Conference (LSC) was established under the auspices of the United Nations in 1973, though preparations for such a conference had been in progress for many years before that. The Tenth Session, which opened in March of last year, was meant finally to produce a treaty governing the use of all the world's oceans, the sea life therein, the minerals beneath, and the air above. This expectation was, thankfully, dashed by the last-minute intervention of the Reagan Administration.

On March 2, 1981 Secretary of State Alexander Haig announced that there were "serious problems" with the proposed treaty and ordered the U.S. delegation not to allow the negotiations to be concluded until the State Department had thoroughly reviewed the matter. A week later, the day before the conference was to open, George H. Aldrich and six of his aides were removed as U.S. delegates. Aldrich, who had been Acting Special Representative of the President at the LSC, was a holdover from the Carter Administration. In announcing the change, the State Department said that President Reagan wanted to appoint his own people to the delegation and to make a "clean break" with the past.

The Reagan Administration was following a GOP platform plank, which said that "Multilateral negotiations have thus far insufficiently focused attention on the United States' long-term security requirements." The LSC was specifically listed as a problem area: negotiations, said the platform, "have served to inhibit United States exploration of the seabed for its abundant natural resources." The development of new sources of supply for minerals as well as for energy is critical to the long-run security and prosperity of the West. The oceans have the potential for meeting a large portion of this need.

Attention has focused in the past on drilling for oil and natural gas on the continental shelf and more recently on the mining of manganese nodules in the deep-seabeds beyond the shelf. There are two million square miles of shelf area where oil and gas might be found; estimates of 500 billion barrels of oil and 1.5 quadrillion cubic feet of natural gas are not uncommon. Manganese nodules, meanwhile, actually contain about 30 per cent manganese; they also contain nickel (1.4 per cent), copper (1.2 per cent), and cobalt (0.25 per cent). The U.S. is dependent on imports for 98 per cent of its manganese, 94 per cent of its cobalt, and 73 per cent of its nickel.

Manganese is an important industrial metal used in steel making. Manganese alloys are used in aircraft components, mining machinery, railroad track, and heavy equipment of all kinds. Nickel is also important for steel alloys, as is cobalt, which is often used in conjunction with chromium to produce heat-resistant alloys for jet engines. So far, Zaire

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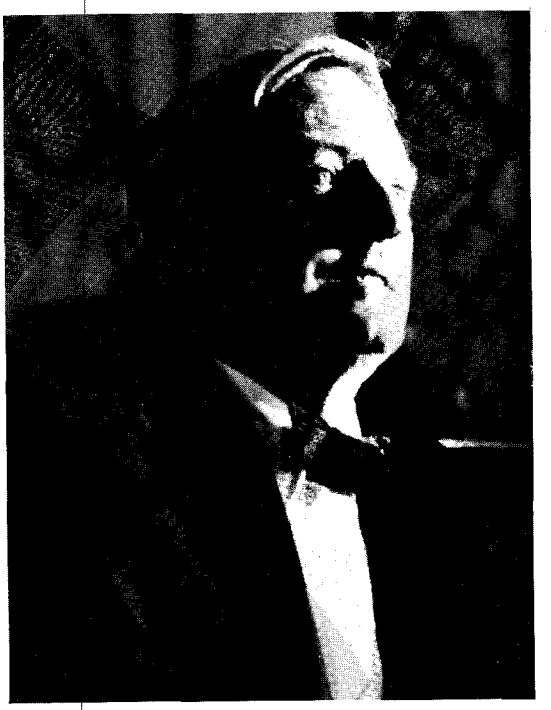

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has a near monopoly on the export of cobalt, but in recent years Soviet-armed guerrillas have disrupted Zaire's production. The most important raid was in 1979, shortly after the USSR had made a surprise purchase of a two-year supply of cobalt on the world market. Secretary Haig is right to worry.

It is estimated that there are up to 16 billion tons of manganese nodules in the Pacific Ocean alone. Nodules also exist in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. Several international consortia, including groups headed by Kennecott, Lockheed, U.S. Steel, and Inco, would like to develop nodule mining, but they are afraid to commit the billions of dollars needed because of uncertainties surrounding the Law of the Sea Conference.

The proposed Law of the Sea is flawed in nearly every aspect. Its provisions are heavily weighted against the industrialized nations and their international companies. Its proposed supranational bureaucracy would strangle economic development. Finally, at bottom, it rests on a philosophical foundation that is wholly fallacious—and dangerous.

As outlined, the treaty would establish a Seabed Authority modeled on the UN General Assembly. The Authority would operate on the basis of one-nation/one-vote and would thus have a permanent Third World majority; it would have exclusive control of the issuance of licenses for private and state companies to mine the deep-seabed beyond territorial waters; it would have the power to tax companies engaged in ocean mining, the revenues to go to support the Authority and Third World nations unable to participate in ocean mining themselves; it would fix prices, set limits to production, and control marketing operations of ocean resources; and it would establish programs for the transfer of technology from multinational corporations to Third World nations.

Our Leverage: Money

The Seabed Authority would place unprecedented power in the hands of an international agency in which the U.S. and other industrial countries would have minimal influence. Having its own source of revenues, the Authority would be immune from the only leverage industrial nations now have on such agencies: finances. (The U.S. is expected, incidentally, to provide $250 million in interest-free loans and loan guarantees to establish the Authority.) It would be the ultimate redistributive mechanism. A Third World majority of have-nots would be enthroned in a position to regulate and tax the technologically advanced corporate entities of the haves.

Richard A. Frank, head of President Carter's National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, concedes that "even if amended by the United States, the treaty would represent U.S. acquiescence in multilateral and fairly democratic decision-making on resources and abandonment—in the first serious encounter over the new international economic order—of U.S. control commensurate with its interests as a producer, consumer, and donor. The treaty would place restrictions on a previously free market and require U.S. financing of a multilateral competitor."

The multilateral competitor to which Mr. Frank refers is "the Enterprise." The Enterprise would be a supranational mining corporation established by the Seabed Authority to develop the oceans in competition with private corporations. Private companies would even have to cooperate in this process, since the Authority would have the power to require that private corporations share their technology with the Enterprise and do much of the exploration work for it.

As bad as this seems, it was initially even worse. The Group of 77 (a coalition of underdeveloped nations, actually numbering 114), which has been largely responsible for the LSC, originally wanted to freeze private enterprise out of the oceans entirely. Under its plan, the Enterprise would have been a monopoly. In 1976 Secretary of State Henry Kissinger persuaded the Group of 77 to compromise and allow private companies to compete with the Enterprise. Even so, however, the Seabed Authority could very easily rig the game so that private companies would be dissuaded from entering the oceans, thus creating a de facto Enterprise monopoly. In such an event, the Enterprise would become a ready-made cartel for the underdeveloped nations.

Private mining companies can foresee the following disincentives if the Law of the Sea is ever adopted: *Licenses and Fees:* The proposed fee for processing a license is $100,000, plus $1 million per year for exploration. For commercial development, a combination of fees and profit-sharing would be established. Even then, there is no guarantee that any specific company would be able to obtain a license. One can well imagine the criteria the Authority might insist upon, such as ending trade with South Africa or Israel, or participating in joint ventures with Third World companies.

Production and Price Controls: Clearly these could make private operations uncompetitive either with the Enterprise or with Third World nations which now produce minerals for export. Such states would surely lobby to prevent ocean mining from undercutting their position. The Authority is not likely to side with private companies against such a lobby. Production quotas almost beg to become part of a protectionist policy.

Lack of a Grandfather Clause: There is nothing in the treaty which obligates the Authority to award a license to a company already engaged in mining a particular site. While this is not a major problem at the moment, because seabed mining is a new field, it has served as a deterrent to companies which might otherwise have started exploration.

Mandatory Transfer of Technology: Third World nations constantly complain that Western corporations "withhold" technology from them through patents and secrecy. And so they do—for a perfectly good reason. New technology is expensive to develop, and companies can only recover their investment in research if they retain exclusive use of a new method. The profits from new techniques are thus an important incentive to scientific progress.

These problems are neither trivial nor subtle. How, then, did the United States allow itself to get so deeply involved?

The Group of 77 has never made a secret of its intentions to use the LSC to redress the economic balance between the rich and poor nations. The same countries which pushed for the LSC in 1973 pushed for the Declaration for the Establishment of a New International Economic Order in the 1974 General Assembly. However, the U.S. had its own reasons for going along with the LSC.

In the 1960s the U.S. became concerned at the trend among coastal states toward extending their claims to territorial waters beyond the traditional three-mile limit. In 1958 only 18 states claimed waters beyond three miles, but

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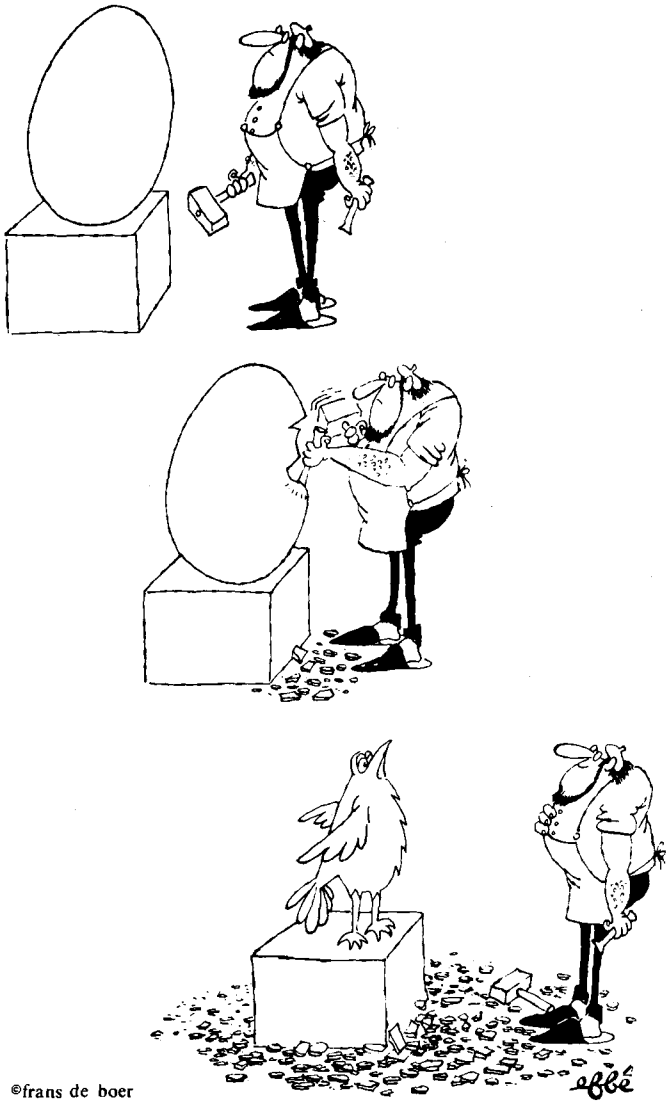
by 1968 there were 43 states claiming 12 or more miles. This was deemed to be a threat to the freedom of the seas, particularly in terms of navigation but also in terms of fishing rights, which were unlimited in international waters. The military was also concerned about the impact on fleet movements and security of submarines.

The advent of the LSC has not halted this trend: by 1978 the number of states claiming territorial waters of 12 or more miles had grown to 69, 11 of which claimed waters out to two hundred miles. The U.S. entered the LSC with the limited goal of trading some concessions on profit-sharing from ocean mining for restraints on territorial claims.

There has been some muted success on this point. The treaty recognizes 12 miles as the standard for territorial waters; it then grants the coastal states another 188 miles beyond this as their "economic zone," within which they will exercise sovereignty over all resources, living and non-living. However, freedom of navigation through the zone is allowed as it would be in international waters. This meets the minimum American goal, though just barely. Territorial waters have been expanded, and the economic zone does shift most of the continental shelf, with its potentially rich oil and natural-gas deposits, from international to national waters.

The price that was paid for this minimal achievement was very high: the granting of all of the ocean's deep-sea resources to the care of the Seabed Authority. Obviously, this is scarcely what anyone could call a balanced set of concessions. Thus we need to look elsewhere for the roots of the American position, and we find them in a philosophical concept which, although flawed, is backed by the weight of liberal world opinion.



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This concept, repeated in countless UN and LSC documents and echoed by American delegates and Presidents for over a decade, is that the oceans are the "common heritage of mankind." The United Nations, operating on the fiction that it represents mankind as a whole, believes it is the institution which should manage this "common heritage," through its creation, the Seabed Authority. The treaty actually states that "all rights in the resources of the Area are vested in mankind as a whole, on whose behalf the Authority will act."

Two Views of the Sea

George Aldrich, before he was removed from his post, provided an example of this thinking when he told a meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers that "in my judgment, there are only two ways of treating these common areas for legal purposes: either we can consider them available for national appropriation, like North and South America in the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries and Africa in the nineteenth century; or we must consider them not available for national appropriation, like the high seas since at least the days of Hugo Grotius."

There are several things wrong with this statement. First, it runs afoul of the old adage that when something belongs to everyone, it in truth belongs to no one. This is the rock upon which all socialist theories about common ownership break. And out of this wreckage emerges the totalitarian reality of socialism—an institution which *does* own everything, and which is hostile to private enterprise and obstructive of progress.

Secondly, to rest the creation of such an entity on Hugo Grotius will not hold. If the nations of the world wish to grant control of the oceans to an international agency, they must first assert their own right to that control. Grotius would no more have recognized the Seabed Authority's claim to regulate the oceans than a claim by Spain.

Thirdly, the analogy to European colonialism is perhaps more apt than Aldrich realized. The era of European expansion brought more prosperity to more people than ever before in history. The pursuit of national advantage and private profit produced results far beyond the dreams of even the most optimistic central planner. An open frontier on the oceans would again bring to the fore the capitalist-industrial nations of the West, which alone have the technology, finances, and organizations (in the form of the multinational corporation) to develop the new resources—not to mention the military power to protect what is developed.

If territorial claims to the oceans are to be avoided, the only logical course is to return to the true meaning of the freedom of the seas as understood in international law down to the present. Freedom of the seas meant (and means) the right to use the seas unobstructed. In the past this has meant the right to navigate through or above the oceans carrying whatever cargo one wanted. The United States has on more than one occasion gone to war in the name of such freedom.

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But this doctrine has also covered fishing in international waters in a way that provides a useful precedent. If fishing is the equivalent of mining the oceans for their living resources, then mining is the equivalent of fishing the oceans for their non-living resources.

Of course, there are differences between fishing and mining. Mining requires a permanent presence at a specific site, which translates into a need for secure property rights. A maritime code, recognized by the international community, which would give ocean mining companies confidence in the protection of their operations is highly desirable. Unfortunately, it would also be highly unlikely in the current international political environment.

Concepts of rights to and protection of private property, which have a long tradition in Western law, are alien to the outlook of most Third World and socialist states. There is no prospect that the world community will reach a philosophical agreement on this matter.

Therefore, if mining operations are to commence in the oceans, those doing the mining will have to be assured of their rights by the United States and other maritime nations. This could either be done on a unilateral basis, with each nation providing protection for the operations of its own nationals, or by a convention among the states that would be both the primary producers and the primary consumers of ocean resources. Either alternative would be preferable to the sacrifice of U.S. interests to a treaty dominated by states and values hostile to the West.

At various times during the LSC negotiations, American diplomats have made veiled threats to opt for just such an alternative. In 1978, Elliot Richardson, who has been intimately involved in the LSC for many years and still is involved despite shakeups elsewhere, told Congress that "Seabed mining can and will go forward with or without a treaty. . . . We have the means at our disposal to protect our ocean interests. . . . And we will protect those interests if a comprehensive treaty eludes us." In commenting on Richardson's remarks, *Forbes* reminded its readers that the United States has a navy and the United Nations does not.

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Richardson, of course, still wants a comprehensive treaty and has warned that "if we go it alone, we might find ourselves denounced for lawless behavior." Still, it is time to conclude that the costs of avoiding this risk are too high.

A step, albeit small and in somewhat the wrong direction, was taken toward a unilateral approach to the oceans on June 28, 1980, when President Carter signed the Deep Seabed Hard Mineral Resources Act. This Act, which rolled through Congress with little opposition or fanfare, has at its core a useful principle. It is to govern U.S. ocean operations in the absence of an international treaty, based on the traditional right of governments to regulate (and protect) the activities of their citizens wherever they may be, without a formal extension of the claims of sovereignty to foreign territories.

The Act repeats many of the errors of the LSC. It pays homage yet again to the "common heritage of mankind" notion, and it provides for the setting aside of part of the revenues from ocean development for use by the Third World. It concentrates much more on the regulation of ocean mining than on the protection of such mining. Worst of all, it prohibits the issuance of any licenses for commercial development of the seabed until January 1988, in order that the LSC be given enough time to reach a comprehensive agreement. The Act is to give way to any Law of the Sea treaty which the U.S. ratifies.

In order to provide a foundation for American corporations to operate in the open seas, the Act would have to be radically amended or superseded by new legislation. Still, it is a start, because it indicates that Congress is becoming impatient with the LSC negotiations. Starting from this initiative, the U.S. should reject the LSC, thus paving the way for the opening of the oceans to development by American companies under American protection. The participation of other companies and countries can be directly negotiated to the mutual advantage of those involved, but outside an LSC or UN framework.

But failing complete rejection of the LSC, several possibilities remain. The Conference could set its sights a bit lower and concentrate on individual issues where it would be easier to reach a consensus—issues such as the status of key straits and other international waterways in light of the extension of territorial claims or certain environmental questions. It is possible that serious moves into the oceans by the United States would prompt others to make concessions along lines advantageous to the U.S., though the gap to be closed is very large. The LSC could also become a forum for a U.S.-led ideological counter-offensive in behalf of the true meaning of freedom of the seas. Such efforts cannot be expected to produce many quick converts, but it would be very healthy to see representatives of the U.S. (and other Western nations) proudly defend the philosophies upon which their societies built their present high levels of civilization. As Robert W. Tucker warned in his important book *The Inequality of Nations*, "Either the old order will be reaffirmed by those who for the time continue to hold predominant power or a new order will be established by those seeking to displace the established power holders." □

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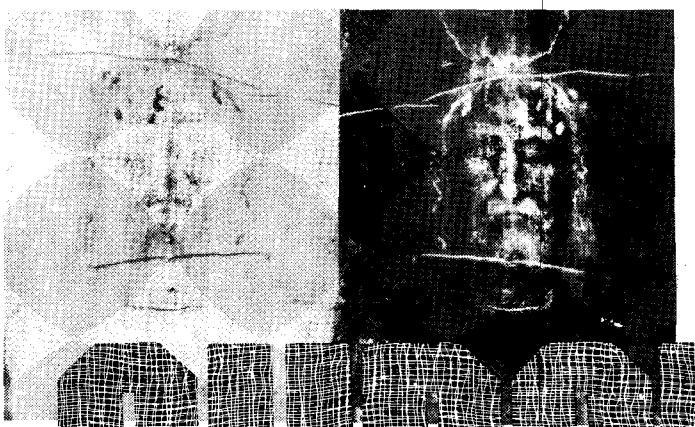
JEROME S. GOLDBLATT



THE SHROUD

THE SHROUD OF TURIN is utterly unique. There is no other burial linen in existence that bears the photo-negative image of a crucified man. In fact, no other burial cloth with similar markings has turned up anywhere. Most shrouds decompose with their contents.

In 1931, the Shroud gained new status when it was put on exhibition for the first time since 1898. Direct scientific testing of the Shroud was still out of the question, but Catholic authorities did allow a more elaborate set of photographs than had previously been permitted. To take the pictures, Maurilo Cardinal Fossati selected Giuseppe Enrie, one of Italy's premier photographers. At his side as consultants were veteran Shroud experts Paul Vignon and Secondo Pia. Soon the world would have a set of technically flawless enlargements—and, with them, an opportunity for a more comprehensive look at the intriguing image. For "Sindonologists" (from the Greek word *sindon*, meaning linen) this marked the beginning of a new era.

Enrie's photos were compared against the Shroud itself by a panel of experts, who pronounced them accurate in every respect. The new pictures provided proof of a claim Pia had first made over thirty years earlier. In 1898, Pia was authorized to photograph the Shroud for the first time in its history. To his astonishment (since the images on the actual cloth are a reddish brown that almost dissolves into the background as you approach it), he found on his negative plate a positive, highly detailed, picture of a man. How could this have happened? He realized that if the picture on his negative plate was a positive, he must have photographed a negative. The man's portrait, then, was on the Shroud exactly as on a negative.

Working with increasingly accurate and abundant data, physicians and anatomists have attempted to interpret what they saw in the Shroud photographs. Separate studies have been done in France, England, Italy, Germany, and the United States, yet their conclusions have been harmonious —the imprints on the Shroud are those of a human corpse in a pronounced state of rigor mortis.

The Shroud itself is a 14-foot strip of ivory-colored and surprisingly well-preserved herringbone linen. Between two parallel burn marks (the result of a fire in Chambéry in 1532) are the unmistakable frontal and dorsal images of a long-haired, bearded man with his hands crossed in front of him. The images of the front and back of the head nearly touch in the middle of the cloth, suggesting the man was laid on his back on the bottom half of the linen and the remainder was drawn over his face and front.

According to the German scholar H. Gressman, the long hair caught up in a loose knot at the nape of the neck was a typical fashion for Jewish men of antiquity. Most experts place the age of the man in the Shroud between thirty and 45. His physique was well-proportioned, and, although estimates of his height range from 5′7″ to 5′11″, the consensus places him around 5′10″, fairly tall amongst Mediterranean peoples. The facial expression is serene, in marked contrast to the flayed and punctured body.

Dozens of physicians and forensic pathologists have marveled at the anatomical accuracy of the Shroud image. And many have noted what is more striking, the uncanny similarity between the wounds of the Shroud figure and those of Jesus as reported in the Gospels. In addition to puncture wounds in the wrists and feet and a gaping hole between the fifth and sixth ribs on the right side, scientists say the image bears the marks of lacerations from a severe scourging, a badly bruised face, further puncture wounds around the head, and a right shoulder that has been chafed raw. The chest cavity is expanded (and held taut in a state of rigor mortis) as if from an agonized attempt to draw air into the lungs. The hands and feet are bent and stiffened in unnatural positions as well, owing once again to the effects of rigor mortis. The left foot is crossed over the right, causing a bend in the left knee, which grew rigid in that position and remained bent while the body was enveloped in the Shroud.

This article is adapted from two chapters of a book-length manuscript Mr. Goldblatt has written about the Shroud. He is currently working on a novel dealing with international terrorism.

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In the words of Robert Bucklin, a professor and clinical pathologist at the University of Southern California who has researched the Shroud for some thirty years, "The markings on this image are so clear and so medically accurate that the pathological facts which they reflect concerning the suffering and death of the man depicted here are in my opinion beyond dispute." In August 1978 Dr. Bucklin went even further: "If I were asked in a court of law to stake my professional reputation on the validity of the Shroud of Turin, I would answer very positively and firmly that it's the burial cloth of Christ—and that it is Jesus whose figure appears on the Shroud." In October 1978 Bucklin added: "It's not a matter of faith to me, it's just a matter of common sense. Knowing what we know, who else could this have happened to?" A German professor, Werner Bulst, concurs: "Despite decades of effort, the opponents of the cloth have not succeeded in proving a single violation of the laws of physiology and anatomy in the image of the Shroud."

Under normal circumstances the Sanhedrin would have ordered Jesus stoned to death, but a Roman directive had taken from them the authority to inflict capital punishment. That was—for a season at least—reserved to the Roman governor. Thus they were compelled to deliver him to Pilate. In the center of the courtyard—the Praetorium—stood a single stone pillar. Metal rings fastened high on the column secured the victims of scourging in place. Jesus was stripped of His clothing. His hands were bound with thick leather cords to the metal rings. The law of Moses stipulated a maximum of forty lashes, but Roman law carried no such limitation. As a result, Roman scourging was known, appropriately enough, as the first, or preliminary, death.

The Roman flagrum was a short-handled whip with two or three loose cords tipped with metal dumbbells or pieces of bone. Tiny spikes were chiseled out on each tip, which dug into the flesh on every stroke; whenever a thorough whipping was carried out, the flagra rained blood across the courtyard. Two legionnaires stood, feet apart, on either side of Jesus swinging their whips. How long this took, no one really knows. All across the back, shoulders, and buttocks are severe welts and shreds of detached skin. Sometimes the flagrum's thongs hooked around to the front, laying additional stripes across Jesus' chest and thighs. Experts have counted up to 120 lashes on the Shroud image—all bearing the telltale dumbbell-shaped markings. Extant flagra, when compared against the Shroud wounds, reveal conclusively that this was indeed the device employed.

With the order for crucifixion in hand, the soldiers mocked Jesus by clothing Him in scarlet and crowning Him with thorns. The *Zizyphus spina*, a thorn-bearing Judean lote-tree, provided the likely material for the crown. The wood is flexible enough to plait, but even if the fit is miscalculated, the long, fishhook-like spines would hold it fast. The soldiers did not fashion a wreath-like circlet. Instead the finished product was a kind of crude cap, covering the entire skull.

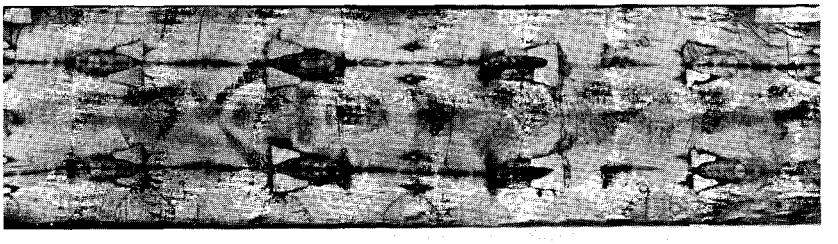
The thorns dug deep into the scalp so that blood flowed freely. The soldiers taunted Him with mock homage, and then took His reed scepter from His hand and struck Him with it around the head and face. The evidence of the Shroud tells us these blows were not light. Jesus' face was swollen, bruised, and deformed. Rivulets of blood trickled down His forehead. In all, there are 13 blood flows which can be traced to puncture wounds on the head.

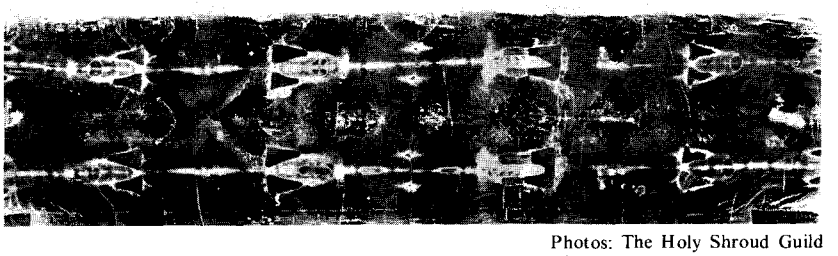
Pierre Barbet, Chief Surgeon at St. Joseph's Hospital in Paris in the Thirties, commented: "As for the hypothetical painter [in the Middle Ages] whom people have dared to claim was capable of imagining all the minutiae of this cloth, which is as pregnant with truth as if it was on a living man—it is enough to disgust a physiologist and a surgeon. Please do not talk of it! This image, and it alone, should be enough to prove that nobody has touched the Shroud except the Crucified Himself!"

"And after they had mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him, and led him away to crucify him" (Matthew 27:31). His entire back was raw, bleeding flesh which must have adhered to the royal robe the Romans had placed over Him in mockery. Now they remove it, but with no concern for the dried or clotted wounds that would tear open again under their harsh treatment.

As an example to others, the Romans routinely forced their victims to haul their own crosspieces to the execution site. The road wasn't long, perhaps a little more than a quarter of a mile, but it was largely uphill and strewn with sharp stones. For Jesus, severely weakened, the short trip proved to be too much. The knees of the man in the Shroud reveal extensive damage such as would be incurred through a series of heavy falls. Finally, a passing Cyrenian is compelled by the Roman guards to bear the heavy crossbeam the remaining distance. The beam, however, has already done great damage to Jesus' back. One can see His raw and bloody shoulder on the Shroud image.

For many, the most striking features visible on the Shroud image are the distinct wrist wounds and corresponding blood flows. For centuries, Christian art has depicted Christ hanging on the cross with nails penetrating the palms of His hands. Accordingly, when the Shroud image displayed pierced wrists no one knew quite how to interpret it. Then in the Thirties, with access to unclaimed cadavers and various amputated limbs, Dr. Barbet was able to conduct ex-





Photos: The Holy Shroud Guild

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We are presented with the option of believing what each examining pathologist has claimed would have to have been a miraculous forgery, or rather, that we are looking at the remarkably preserved image of a crucifixion victim

periments that shed a great deal of light on what had happened outside Jerusalem centuries earlier.

Among other things, Barbet found that when he pounded a nail into the wrist of a freshly amputated arm, it did not strike a mass of bone as he had anticipated, but diverted slightly upward and passed cleanly through. This aperture in the wrist was evidently well known to Roman executioners, who had discovered, as Barbet would centuries later, that bodies hung from nails through the palms tore loose immediately. Those pegged through the wrists, however, would hang securely in place. (This deduction received additional confirmation in 1968, when the body of an ancient crucifixion victim was uncovered by an Israeli bulldozer. Dr. Nicu Hass, the man in charge of examining the skeleton, found distinct scratch marks near the wrist end of the victim's forearms.)

The feet, meanwhile, were fastened, the left on top of the right, by one good-sized spike driven through between the second and third metatarsal bones directly below the bony protrusion known as the Lisfranc joint. Amazingly, in all of this violent pounding and puncturing, as the Scriptures predicted, not a bone was broken.

Another detail Barbet recognized was that when the nail pierced the wrist, it damaged the median nerve, causing the thumbs to jerk forward against the palms. Interestingly enough, no thumbs are visible on the Shroud image.

What is visible are extensive blood flows on both forearms, originating from the wrist wounds. Physicians have reached a general consensus that the angle of the blood flows is consistent with a crucifixion position.

We may note, as well, that there are two principal flows, approximately ten degrees apart. Much of the agony of crucifixion stemmed from the victim's incessant quest for air. Initially, when the nails were pounded into the extremities, the victim was laid out on the cross, with arms extended at a ninety-degree angle. But as the cross is hoisted into an upright position, the victim's arms with the weight of the entire body dragging on them sag to approximately 65 degrees. Soon, the muscles start to contract violently.

Cramps begin in the forearm and spread to the upper arm and shoulders before moving rapidly into the lower limbs and trunk. Soon spasms cause the fingers and toes to curl inward in a state of tetany. The stomach muscles tighten to form a hollow beneath the grotesquely distended rib cage. The lungs fill with air, but because of the contraction of the expiratory muscles, they are unable to expel it. Asphyxiation sets in.

The only way to stave off death was to relieve the drag on the hands and arms. Using the nail through his feet as a fulcrum, the victim was, with considerable effort, able to raise himself to an upright position. This maneuver relaxed the effects of tetanization in the muscles and unloaded the air trapped in the lungs. This seesaw struggle continued until exhaustion prevented the victim from escaping asphyxiation and death. The ten-degree variance of the two blood flows on the forearms of the Shroud image reflects precisely this up-and-down prelude to death.

Jewish law was very strict as to the disposition of corpses. They could not be left hanging overnight. Accordingly, *"the Jews asked that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away"* (John 19:31). The breaking of the legs effectively hastened death in that it prevented the victim from pushing up for air.

When the soldiers arrived to perform this service they discovered that Jesus had already expired. One legionnaire, in order to leave an official insignia of death, thrust his lance into Jesus' side. Out of the wound flowed the telltale "blood and water," as John's Gospel records and the Shroud so vividly reveals. The Shroud image clearly bears the evidence of a puncture wound on the right side between the fifth and sixth ribs. Upon close examination, clear serous fluid is evident amongst the blood flows emanating from the gaping incision.

In all, when the various wounds on the Shroud are considered, we are presented with the option of believing what each examining pathologist has claimed would have to have been a miraculous forgery, or rather, that we are looking at the remarkably preserved image of a genuine crucifixion victim. The medical phenomena which anatomists, physicians, and pathologists have discovered confirms in striking fashion the accuracy of ancient Biblical prophecy:

I am poured out like water,
And all of my bones are out of joint;
My heart is like wax;
It is melted within me.
My strength is dried up like a potsherd,
And my tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And Thou dost lay me in the dust of death.
For dogs have surrounded me;
A band of evildoers has encompassed me;
They pierced my hands and my feet.
I can count all my bones.
They look, they stare at me;
They divide my garments among them,
And for my clothing they cast lots.

Psalm 22

(This psalm was recorded by King David a thousand years before Jesus was crucified, and several centuries, at least, before crucifixion was even known as a mode of execution.)

The man depicted on the Shroud is clearly in a state of rigor mortis. Many have argued that Jesus did not actually die on the cross but rather fell into a coma-like swoon,

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later to revive in the cool and quiet tomb. The Shroud, if it is the burial cloth of Jesus, puts an end to all the swoon theories about the Resurrection.

The effects of rigor mortis on the hands, feet, and knees of the man in the Shroud are unmistakable. The extremities are stiffened in unnatural positions corresponding to the body's configuration on the cross. The Shroud also bears evidence of various post-mortem exudations. These include, in several locations, oozings of liquid blood with an outer "halo" of serum. This is particularly evident in the flow from the nail wound on the right foot. In addition, there seem to be indications, on both the frontal and the dorsal images, of small amounts of serous fluid exuded from the pores of the body. The rigid body and the serous exudations are spontaneous manifestations of the post-mortem process and, as such, provide irrefutable evidence that the man in the Shroud was dead.

This, however, raises some intriguing questions. Why, for instance, are there no decomposition stains on the Shroud? Decomposition normally sets in to a greater or lesser degree immediately following the passing of rigor mortis (which *generally* lasts from 24 to 48 hours). When the image of the corpse was transferred onto the Shroud, the body had as yet shown no signs of relaxation. This, coupled with the fact that there is absolutely no evidence of decomposition in the linen, suggests the body was in the Shroud less than 48 hours. Within 48 hours after the body was wrapped in the Shroud, it was removed.

The mystery, if the body was removed by human agency, is that none of the precise imprints on the Shroud show any signs of being smeared or marred as one might reasonably expect if a bloodied body were removed from a cloth shroud. Tests to date also indicate no damage whatsoever to the fibers of the Shroud in the vicinity of the image. Although the image has been compared to a scorch by scientists and Sindonologists alike, *no* fibers were burnt or damaged in the transference process.

"What'ya want for dinner? I have a prime rib July '79 or lamb patties May '80."

Precedents are not only elusive, they are nonexistent. In laboratories and conference rooms around the world the scientific community sits in stumped silence.

It is now being suggested that an energy force was applied to the lifeless mass of flesh that was the body of Christ. This would have been energy carefully adjusted to the precise frequency required to stimulate the emission of light and heat radiation from the body—energy powerful enough to amplify the kinetic motion of the corpse's molecules to the extent that an actual transformation or change of state occurs. The body dematerializes in a millisecond of blinding radiance. In this "frozen second" of time, the coherent "body" of light and heat registers a sharply defined negative image "scorched" onto the Shroud while also encoding the cloth with invisible light-wave data containing the three-dimensionality of the original body.

Unlike lingering light or heat, however, the pulsed laser-like trigger and subsequent reaction are so rapid that none of the linen fibers are so much as singed. Neither have any of the blood markings that soaked the cloth been disfigured. In fact, the millisecond burst of energy seems to have seared or projected them onto the cloth with photographic precision.

Eric Jumper of the U.S. Air Force Academy has hypothesized that radiation occurring in a very brief molecular burst could have been the mechanism of image formation.

Ray Rogers of Los Alamos Laboratory offers "flash photolysis," a short, intense burst of light.

Donald Lynn of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory says of the image, "The fact that it's very much of a surface effect would tend to indicate that it's probably a short time-scale phenomenon, such as a burst of radiation . . . but not enough energy to destroy the cloth."

The delivery mode for this external energy force may have involved "angelic" beings. The Bible accounts include several suggestive descriptions, which, at the very least, stoke the flames of conjecture:

> *And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.*
> Matthew 28:2, 3

> *And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments.*
> Luke 24:2-4

The original Greek word for *shining* in this passage is *astrapto*. It means "to flash like lightning."

This is not a repetition of the Lazarus miracle. When Lazarus was called forth after four days in the tomb, he shed his graveclothes to become a normal man again. He had been raised, to be sure, but not transformed.

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Whether we call the image on the Shroud a scorch, a quasi-photograph, a thermogram, a Kirlian aura, or a hologram is only a matter of semantics. The Shroud exists. The image on it is unique in all history

Not so with Jesus. No man was needed to loose him from his graveclothes; for at the appointed time, with divine stimulus, he radiated right through them in the form of pure light.

From that day forth he demonstrated the unique ability to straddle two dimensions. Matter was no longer a barrier; he controlled it at will. Blood was no longer required to maintain his "life-support systems." He was kept alive by a far greater force.

More than any other event, it was the transformation of Christ which set him singularly apart from the throngs of ordinary humanity. The feat is utterly and undeniably unique.

To Christian believers, the departure of the body presents no mystery whatsoever. Although Christ's death was part of the plan, decomposition wasn't. In explaining the Resurrection, the Apostle Peter called attention to an Old Testament passage. *"For thou wilt not abandon my soul to Hell; neither wilt thou allow thy Holy One to* undergo decay" (Psalm 16:10).

The physical body, with its torn and punctured flesh, has left a lingering testimony to scientists and faithful alike. But perhaps the greatest implications of all are drawn from what *isn't there*. "This final difficulty," as Barbet calls it, brings us to what is, humanly speaking, a physical impossibility. Science can do no more than keep silence, for the phenomenon is outside its domain. But the man of learning at least has a glimpse that here is a palpable proof of the Resurrection.

To the circumstantial evidence, we can add one or two more key bits of data. Again, let us focus our attention on the key issues—the source and the type of radiant energy that could have formed the image. An Old Testament passage promises that God will raise the dead via an energy force—light (light is both waves and particles of energy).

> *Your dead shall live, O Lord; the bodies of our dead saints shall rise. You who dwell in the dust, awake and sing for joy. For Your dew is a dew of sparkling light, O Lord (heavenly, supernatural dew); and the earth shall cast forth the dead (to life again)—for on the land of the dead You will let Your dew fall.*
>
> Isaiah 26:19 (Amplified)

The entire 15th chapter of Paul's letter to the Corinthians deals with the subject of the Resurrection:

> *Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed* [*transformed*]*, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed* [*transformed*].
>
> I Corinthians 15:51, 52

Paul did not realize at the time he wrote those words, "in the twinkling of an eye," just how significant they would be. A manmade pulsed laser beam literally freezes molecular events because it produces bursts of light measured in billionths of a second (nanoseconds). The pulsed laser is the shortest manmade event on earth. Recent studies show that the human eye is responsive to light in just six millionths of a millionth of a second. Both the speed of a pulsed laser beam and the twinkling of an eye are calibrated in similarly incredible speeds.

Summing up the key points, we know the following:

1. A pulsed laser beam can be used to generate a "controlled" thermonuclear fusion reaction in a laboratory releasing enough heat to produce a thermogram (100 million degrees Centigrade) while also

2. Producing coherent light that can be used to record a three-dimensional picture of a human being on celluloid film, which is similar to linen cloth in that both stem from cellulose. Such a three-dimensional picture would actually be a recording of the invisible light-wave data of the human body.

3. The speed of a pulsed laser beam's reaction is so great that fibers on a piece of cloth wouldn't be burnt or singed by such a short-duration blast of light and heat.

4. A pulsed laser beam can theoretically cause the molecular dissociation or dematerialization of even a human body. Even prior to the 1978 examination, scientists were theorizing that a brief but intense burst of radiant energy from the body of the man in the Shroud, in a direct upward and downward direction, caused the image. John H. Heller of the New England Institute told *Guideposts* magazine: "It is as if every pore and each hair of the body contained a micro-miniature *laser*." (Laser beams are focused and move in one direction; they do not spread out like ordinary light. Hence the laser analogy.)

In the final analysis, however, whether we call the image on the Shroud a scorch, a quasi-photograph, a thermogram, a Kirlian aura, or a hologram is only a matter of semantics. The Shroud exists. The image on it is unique in all history. It perfectly corresponds with the Bible prophecies and the Gospel eyewitness accounts of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection. It seems to be providing modern scientific verification of God's unique Biblical plan to intervene in the course of human events by physically resurrecting and transforming His Holy One, Jesus, from the dead.

The type of radiant energy resembled what we know today as the pulsed laser beam. The source of this burst of coherent radiant light was apparently divine. □

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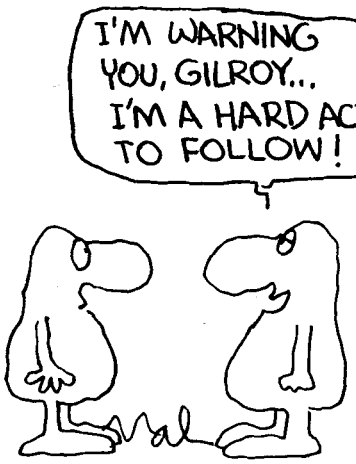

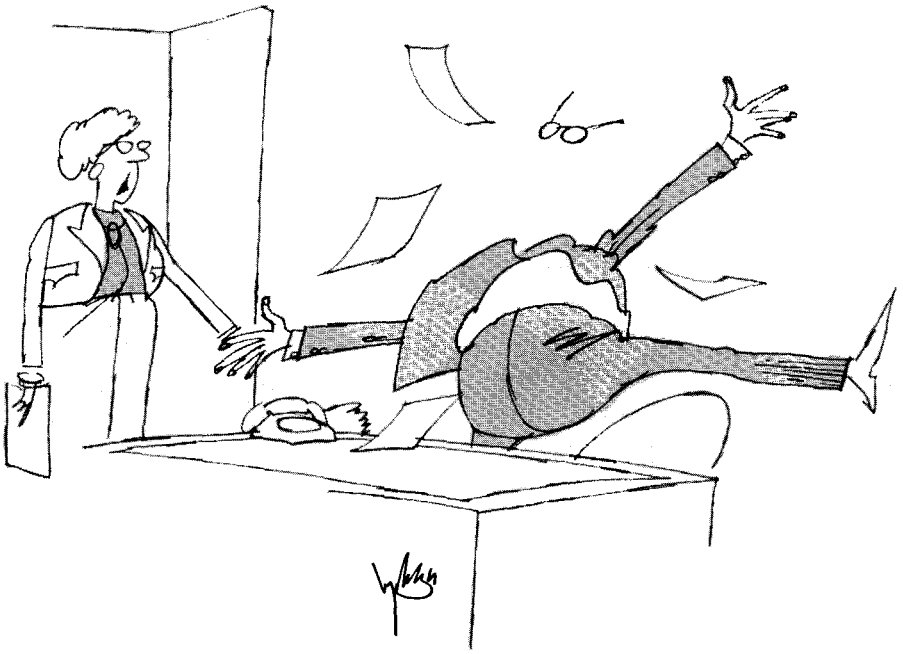

"I just heard it on the news; they didn't abolish the IRS, it was only April Fool."

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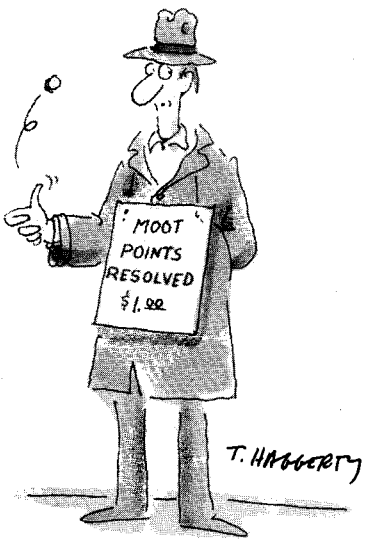
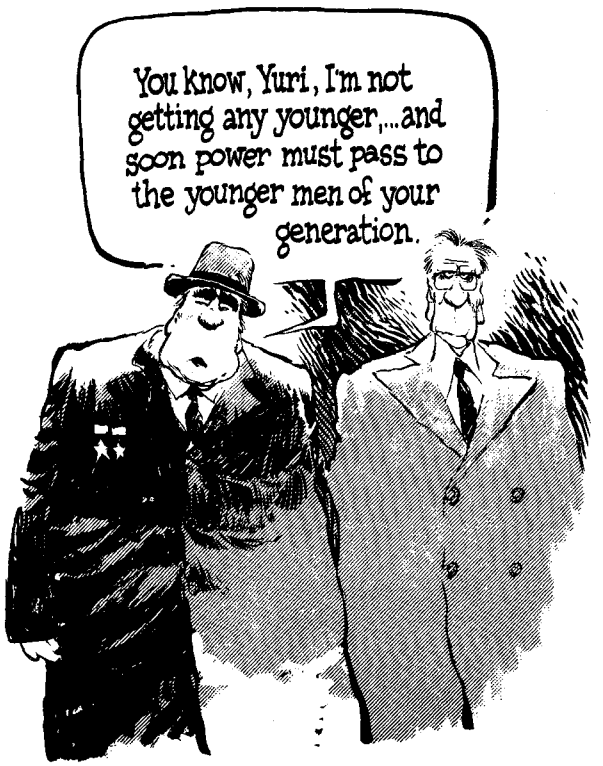
Walter Mondale, Pragmatist

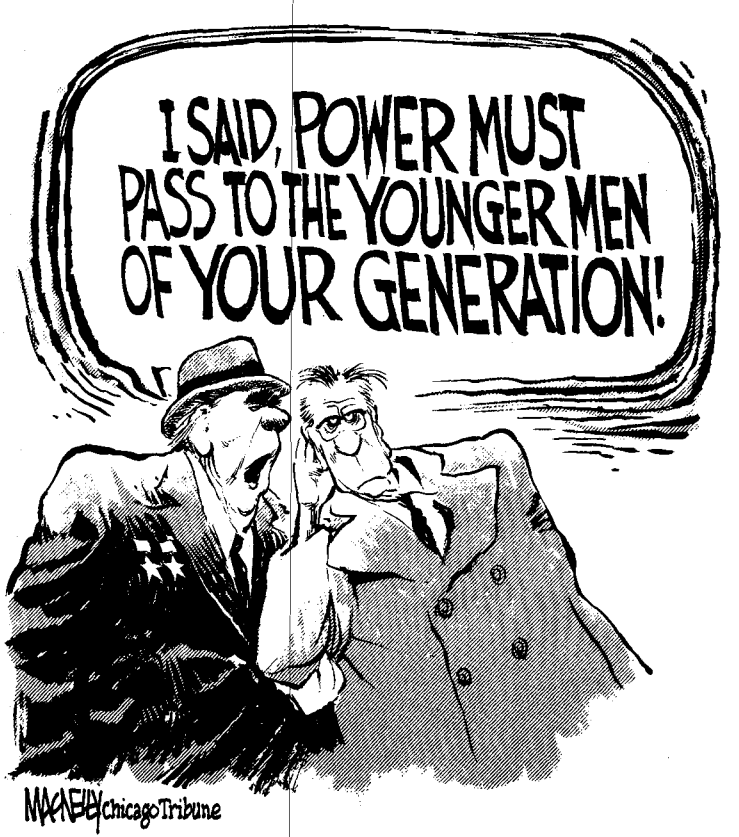
He says he's not a liberal;
  His knee no longer jerks.
He claims he's through with Maynard Keynes
  And that he'll try what works.
He's been to party meetings where
  Progressives got the blame,
But I bet he's still dying to
  Burn with a gem-like flame.

W. H. VON DREELE

"I think I'm somewhere over the rainbow."







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CALIFORNIA COASTLINE

Out of Control

JEFFERY NELLIGAN

RICHARD AND Helen Stokes bought four 25′ by 70′ pine-tree-covered lots in the Lodge Hill area of Cambria, California during the sluggish real-estate market of the late 1960s. The Stokeses planned to retire to Cambria and build and live on two of the lots while keeping the other two as an investment. They visited the lots over the years, caring for the young pines and surveying possible home sites.

In 1981, when the Stokeses were ready to build, they had to apply to the state-run South Central Coast Regional Commission for a building permit, since their property was in the state-defined "Coastal Zone" and within a "sensitive habitat reserve." The permit was granted, but it was immediately appealed on the "sensitive habitat" grounds by a group called Coast Watch, located in Santa Barbara, 120 miles to the south. Though the protesting group had never seen the lots in question, the permit was successfully appealed to a branch of the state Coastal Commission in San Diego, six hundred miles to the south, with the pines the couple had nurtured ultimately becoming the hinge in the case. They were forbidden to build on land they had paid property taxes on for nearly 15 years; their dreams of retirement in Cambria have been shattered.

So ends another minor skirmish in the battle over California's coastline, probably the most spectacular and diverse terrain in the United States. Viewed from both sides of Highway 1, once the footpath of Spanish missionaries and now the sole Scenic Highway in the country, the 1,100-mile coast has become the single biggest tourist attraction in the nation. It's the end of the continent, and the end of the frontier.

Mr. Nelligan, a native Californian, has written for several California coastal newspapers. He now lives on the coast of North Carolina, where he writes a column for the Carteret County News-Times.

In 1972, in response to the repeated failure of the legislature to protect this coastline from indiscriminate development, the people of California drafted, qualified, and voted into law a piece of historic land-use legislation, in the form of the Proposition 20 "Save the Coast" initiative. The Coastal Commission created as a result of this Proposition was further strengthened four years later by the 1976 Coastal Act which defined "one hundred jurisdictional areas within the irregular boundary called the Coastal Zone" (a strip of land anywhere from one thousand feet to several miles wide) and directed the 15 coast counties to begin considering Local Coastal Plans (LCPs) for these areas.

While the 1972 initiative was little more than a general expression of public sentiment, the 1976 legislation had teeth. The state Coastal Commission lost no time exercising its new powers—until such time as the LCPs were complete, it delegated the duties of managing coastal affairs to the six newly established Regional Commissions. This meant virtual state control over where, when, and what would be built on the coast, as the various county planning boards, heretofore the ruling bodies, were circumvented by the new and powerful Regional Commissions.

Photos: © 1980, Roger Hardy

With the Regional Commissions came the first stirrings of discontent. Under the Coastal Act of 1976, the LCPs were to become the "primary vehicle for carrying out state policies on conservation and development of coastal resources." The law relied on local government initiative to prepare LCPs and required "maximum public involvement throughout the planning process" by extensive public hearings.

Cadets and Babbitts

A multitude of different interests and tastes have to be consulted, and in trying to shape policies for a constituency that ranges from otherworldly space cadets to down-to-earth Babbitts, the formulators of the Coastal Act mandated a few basic goals (protection and maintenance of the overall coastal-zone quality; assurance of priority for coastal-dependent and -related development; and encouragement of state and local cooperation in development for mutually beneficial uses), which the Local Coastal Plans were to weave into a specific strategy for each of the one hundred planning areas. For example, in San Luis Obispo County—wherein lie 78,000 acres of the 118,000-acre Hearst Corporation Ranch, with almost twenty miles of coastline—Hearst officials bargained with county planners to build and maintain public trails and camps on desolate, pristine ranchland, in exchange for LCP-approved resort development on forested San Simeon Point. "Access" and "balanced utilization of coastal resources" met happily in this case. However, another large landowner, Jim Marks, who offered to donate 1,200 acres for a county park in exchange for a 270-acre agriculture to commercial zoning variance, was told that the service base—sewer, water, electricity, roads—was lacking and that the rolling-hill terrain was unsuitable for a park.

The 1976 Coastal Act placed as its highest priority "the preservation and protection of natural resources including environmentally sensitive habitat areas and prime agricultural lands." But every county is different. In San Luis Obispo County the planning em-

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phasis has been on keeping rangeland for the cows. In San Francisco and Los Angeles Counties the priorities include such items as facilities for visitors, coastal-dependent industrial and energy-related facilities and activities, and the protection of low- and moderate-income housing opportunities.

The only constant in the statewide LCP process is that environmentalists and developers are locking horns. One planner who was criticized at a meeting said bluntly, "I represent the interests of the public, which consists of people who are developers, homeowners, Big Sur creatures, and people who surf." Since the 1972 and 1976 acts were born in reaction to the increasing subdividing of beach and terrace, it's no wonder the state administrators since then have continually angered developers as powerful as Marks and as innocent as Richard and Helen Stokes.

This anger, in turn, has led to the formation of the business-oriented California Coastal Council (CCC). The CCC is bitter about the substance of the 1976 Coastal Act, complaining that it has "evolved a new breed of bureaucrat called planners. Young idealists with neither experience nor property [have been] placed in positions of unaccountable authority from which they espouse vague environmental concerns. . . . Almost overnight . . . the zealous young planners [have] successfully usurped the older order of values which had been loosely regarded as the American Way . . ."

Drywall Shortage

With the help of President Reagan's budget cleaver, the CCC might see the early demise of this new breed. In 1980-81, the Coastal Commission had a budget of $7.1 million; the 1981-82 budget was $5.6 million; and this year's budget is $1.6 million. Among other federal sacrificial goats is the Coastal Zone Management program, which has funded over a third of the state Coastal Commission budget. Its demise, said a member of the CCC, would "signal the beginning of progress in forming a viable coastal land protection plan." "Translate that," says a Southern California environmentalist, "to: 'There's going to be a drywall shortage in the East.' "

Joe Gughemetti, formerly head of the CCC, believes that the Coastal Commission has been an enormous boondoggle. The LCPs were to have been completed by June 30 of last year, at which point the Regional Commissions were to sunset. In fact, fewer than a third of them were able to meet their deadline, and, as Gughemetti points out, the Coastal Commission has reactivated the Coastal States Organization to lobby for the continuance of the Coastal Zone Management program.

Gughemetti also claims that "the commission has no incentive to finish its job." Instead of cutting its Sacramento staff in order to pay for the remaining LCPs, it "has been spending its assets figuring out how to extend itself."

The CCC wants coastal-management power returned immediately to the cities and counties—precisely where the strongest and best organized developer interests are located—and has actively supported several bills in the state legislature that would end interference by the State Commission in areas such as low- and moderate-income housing, agricultural areas, and land permit hearings.

Clumsy and Arrogant

There is no question that the type of planning being practiced up to 1972 led to uncontrolled coastal build-up and limited public access. Underlying the 1972 and 1976 measures was the principle that state government would be a more zealous protector of public interests. Now the clumsy and too often dilatory handling by the state and regional coastal commissions of cases such as the Stokeses has led to a move for their abolition or the curtailment of their powers. At one point in the hearings of a central California LCP, a planner responded to a question about future population density along a stretch of isolated coastline. The planner waved a hand impatiently, cutting off the speaker. "There will never be that many people living up there," he said imperiously. "There won't be a town of over two hundred people between here and here," he said, pointing to an immense stretch of land, over a tenth of the entire length of the state coastline. A murmur arose from the crowd and not a few people blinked with disbelief at the blunt audacity of the statement. It's this omniscient attitude that enrages the CCC and like-minded interests.

In reaction, it is easy to overlook that the Coastal Commission and the LCPs are an obstacle to a repetition of the pre-1972 evils the public was trying to put an end to: a minimum of long-range planning, disregard for habitat and scenic resources, a shrinking of public access. Their demise would lead to a resurgence of unconcerned development coupled with public weariness at the apparent folly of expecting big government to be effective and trustworthy. As their future is being decided, the fate of the California coastline remains in limbo. □

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SOVIET RURAL LIFE

Going Nowhere

VICTOR HERMAN and FRED E. DOHRS

LEONID BREZHNEV calls Moscow "the showplace of Communism." In the immediate vicinity of the Soviet capital there are many other showplaces —state and collective farms which are often included on tours for foreign visitors. Here, an array of farm machinery, new barns, and pleasant, clean village houses, even paved streets, demonstrate to the uninitiated outsider the high quality of Soviet agricultural life.

But go as little as two hundred miles from Moscow—in almost any direction —and it is like going back two hundred years in the quality and character of farm life. Away from the main roads, of which there are few, access to the farm villages is by narrow dirt roads, mired in mud in the spring and fall, frozen in winter, and dust-choked in summer. Because the collective and state farms are so large—ranging from eight square miles to well over twenty square miles—each farm contains several (often as many as ten or 15) small farm villages and hamlets.

Getting into even one of the hundreds of thousands of these settlements, which range from four or five houses, shacks, or cabins up to villages of a hundred or more, is difficult for most foreigners, especially for Americans. As a result, there is a tendency among visitors, journalists, and analysts to take the showplace farm, to which access is provided, as the Soviet standard.

In fact, many, if not most, of these villages remain much as they were a century or more ago; some are primitive beyond belief. Lacking many modern amenities and isolated by the poor roads, village life has few of the relatively modest improvements found in most towns and cities. Although the regime claims otherwise, many villages still lack electricity, and most have no running water. Water supplies usually come from communal sources such as streams, springs, and wells, all subject to pollution. Public sanitation is a comparatively recent development, and sewage disposal and drainage are generally inadequate; most dwellings have outdoor toilet facilities. In addition, many villages lack regular medical service.

The old timber or log walls and rafters, as well as the usual thatched roofs, are like tinder, and fires are common. There is some value in the recurring fires, however: the vermin infestations are pretty well destroyed when the house burns down, and it takes some time before the new place is overrun. Most village houses look ancient, but many are of relatively recent construction—that is, within the last hundred years or so.

Conventional wisdom in America perceives the Soviet Union as a highly urbanized and industrialized country, much like the United States or Western Europe. Industrialized it is, but one hundred million peasants still live in rural areas, mostly in the small villages. Peasants make up nearly 40 per cent of the total population even today (in the United States, less than 5 per cent of the population live on farms).

ESTABLISHMENT of the collectivized farm system has changed village life very little and improved it even less. One difference is the absence of the village church and the deep involvement of the village priest in local social and personal affairs. Most village churches have been destroyed or converted for other uses. The Communist Party has made a strong effort to replace the church and the priest with the Party and local Party Secretary as arbiters in village affairs, but without much success.

Party leaders simply are not trusted as the priests were in the old days. Some of the distrust is provoked by the materialist and temporal outlook of Communist doctrine. Some arises because the Party lacks the kind of powerfully evocative symbols and ritual that the Church had. Most important is the inconsistency of Party dogma, which has changed so often during living memory. Even the relatively young have been through one or more rewritings of Party policy and history.

Another element in the inertia of village life has been the Party's reluctance to make substantial investments in agriculture. Such funds as have been allocated to farming have gone directly into farm machinery, barns, and other structures. Beyond the converting of an old church or other building into a Party "Palace of Culture" (which down on the farm means a shabby recreation hall or meeting room), little effort has been made to improve the quality of rural life. Few rubles go into housing except in the case of showplace farms. Most housing improvements in the villages are the result of individual initiative rather than any specific action on the part of the regime. The better houses invariably belong to the local Party Secretary and other Party officials, who have their own means of getting the best of what is available. Despite these continuing poor conditions, top Party chiefs pay regular lip service to the goal of "reducing the differences between the city and the village." It's a long way off!

To get the real flavor of Soviet village life, it's best to be there during the long winter months. Many old customs still prevail. When a man enters a village house in winter he will, after closing the inner door, stamp the snow off his boots, brush it off his hat, and shake it off his coat onto the floor. Or he may sweep the snow off his boots outside and leave the boots inside the outer door. He then flings his hat onto the stove and takes off his coat and drops it on the floor near or on top of those already lying there. Then he turns to the door and blows his nose through his fingers, wipes his hand on his pants, and shakes hands with everyone in the room. You can usually tell whether a man is right- or left-handed by the stripe on one side of his pants or by which of his shirt sleeves is dirtier.

Women do much the same, only they wipe their hands on their ubiquitous aprons. Before any kitchen work—say, cleaning a chicken—they wipe their hands on their apron. When finished, they wipe them on the apron again.

Mr. Herman, author of Coming Out of the Ice: An Unexpected Life *(1979), spent 45 years in the Soviet Union. Mr. Dohrs is a professor of geography at Wayne State University in Detroit. This article is adapted from their forthcoming book* Realities: Might and Paradox in Soviet Russia.

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They will wipe a knife before and after use on the same apron. If you are a guest, they will wipe your spoon on the apron before and after the meal, and clean to a shine the glass or cup into which they will pour your tea—always on the same apron. Anything offered a guest must first be given the apron treatment.

In the northern regions and Siberia, peasant families often bring their farm animals into their one-room houses on the coldest days of winter. Some villagers may have chickens, a pig, even sheep or a calf, living inside with them. Chickens and pig jostle among the people. Hens peck at anything dropped on the floor; some even flutter up on the table in their search for food. This makes for some congestion but helps keep the house warm, though it does get a little ripe during a protracted cold spell. You should be careful where you step—especially when barefoot—if you're sensitive about that sort of thing.

This communal life of people and animals during the very cold weather is not without advantages, and as this is the customary and realistic way of coping with the frigid cold of winter, no one thinks anything special about it. A daughter of one of the authors, Svetlana Herman, was recently recalling her early memories of life in a Siberian village: "Do you remember the little calf that used to sleep on the cot with me?" It had been a particularly cold winter, with the temperature staying at 40° to 50° below for many weeks. The mother cow stayed in the unheated storage shed, but the calf was inside with the family, like a pet dog. Adults slept directly on the large flat top of the stove in the usual Russian manner; little Svetlana had her own cot, and the calf would squeeze in with her. Both were warmer.

Summers in the village are quite different. The nights are warm and often hot (even in Siberia), and many villagers leave their hot, stuffy houses and sleep outdoors. Regular field work and extra time put in on the family garden plot make for a long day, and in these northern latitudes there is a long soft twilight and an early dawn. Bedding down under the almost transparent deep blue sky is delightful—far better than staying in the dingy farm house.

Rural life really offers so few attractions these days that one of the most serious problems of Soviet agriculture is simply how to keep them down on the farm. As almost everywhere else in the world, massive migration from farms to cities has been the pattern of Soviet settlement over the past sixty years. The situation has been acute since World War II, because of the great loss of men during the war. Even with some mechanization, the Soviet Union is still terribly short of farm labor.

UNTIL quite recently, controls of various kinds made it difficult for farm people to leave unless permission were given by the Party boss. Peasants were not issued internal passports, the absolutely essential document for traveling within the Soviet Union, until 1977. Before that, written permission was required for each trip.

Actually, the problem can be narrowed to that of keeping enough men on the farms to make sure that there are enough *women* to do the work—and, of course, to produce enough babies to keep young people coming along for a farm labor force in the future. Everywhere one looks, women appear to be doing most of the heavy manual labor. Men's work on the farms, it seems to visitors, is confined to the mechanized phases of production: driving tractors, combines, and trucks, and operating various other machinery.

Often, the reply to visitors' questions about why they see so few men working is that they are out working in the distant fields (a possibility, because the farms are so large); or, in the more northern areas, that the men are logging in the nearby forests.

The fact is that for the most part the men are doing as little work as possible. These days they are usually found, if working at all, doing a variety of odd jobs around the farm—anything but working in the fields with hoe or shovel. It is simply too humiliating for a man to toil in the fields along with the women. Men may work in the farm office, in the electric power plant if the farm happens to have one, in the store or post office, or (in forest regions) at small lumber mills. Many just hang around all day doing nothing, waiting for their wives to come home from the fields and feed them.

It seems a pretty dull life, but apparently it satisfies many men. There is always more than enough vodka, *samagon* (moonshine), or wine available at reasonable prices to get a suitable glow. Both the Kremlin and the male peasants recognize this as a satisfactory working arrangement. Russia has a grand tradition of masculine dominance and pride in the hard-drinking Russian male.

As might be expected, the women are not enthusiastic about this arrangement but can do little about it. The idea of real equality for women has had little impact on the farms or in the villages—or anywhere else in the Soviet Union, for that matter. The vast grain fields, especially those of the virgin lands in Siberia, are fairly well mechanized, with tractors and combines (driven by men) doing most of the plowing, planting, and harvesting. Elsewhere the crops are cultivated and harvested by women using the simplest of hand tools, chiefly hoes. Potatoes, sugar beets, corn, cotton, vegetables, fruit, and other row crops require intensive hand labor, and most of it is done by the strapping peasant women.

The peasants and their village life today exhibit all the paradoxical, contradictory, and enigmatic traits of what has been called the "Russian soul," traits still as baffling to the Western world as they ever were. Subservient to what they view as fate and bowed before their rulers, czar or commissar, who have shown monumental indifference to their poverty and oppression, the peasants in their villages simply endure.

Life in most Soviet villages continues to reflect the power of what Tolstoy wrote more than a century ago: "A pair of boots is more important than all your Madonnas and all your refined talk of Shakespeare." □

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Abroad

Moscow *Who Is to Be Master?*

Kremlinologists, once again studying the leadership of the Soviet Union to determine who will succeed the 75-year-old Leonid Brezhnev, are currently touting Konstantin Chernenko, a man who for years has been a close follower of the Soviet president but is little known to the outside world. Chernenko, who is seventy, is being spoken of as Brezhnev's heir apparent following the death of Party theoretician Mikhail Suslov. Chernenko sits in the front row of seats next to Brezhnev at the leadership's public appearances. He has begun to be seen frequently on the state television, and his name and quotations from him appear often in the press. Chernenko has lived largely in the shadow of his master. Born into an obscure Siberian family, he has the mien of a peasant; he speaks poorly in public, and makes little impression on foreign visitors. He became a member of the Central Committee 11 years ago, but it was not until 1976 that he acquired the important post of Secretary for Administration and thus had control of the Party dossiers. Two years later, he was named to the Politburo, ranking fourth after Brezhnev. Since then he has traveled abroad to Cuba, East Germany, and Hungary, and last February he led the Soviet delegation to a congress of the French Communist Party in Paris. He was at Brezhnev's side when General Jaruzelski of Poland arrived in Moscow recently. Observers say that Chernenko has not yet won the unqualified support of the army or the KGB secret police, two necessary allies for one who would gain ultimate power in the Soviet state. Nevertheless, they say, he is the man with the best prospects at present.

Mexico *Salting Away*

Coahuila State Governor Oscar Flores Tapia did himself well during his term in office. He has recently been tried by Mexican authorities for salting away properties worth two billion pesos ($45 million), including a real-estate development complete with streets, sidewalks, lighting, and other urban services. In a trial featuring 216 witnesses, among them his wife and daughters, the list of Flores Tapia's gains was unrolled. Not surprisingly, members of his family had property registered in their names. Mrs. Flores Tapia, for example, could not explain how she acquired fifty million pesos worth of land, and it was promptly stripped from her possession. The trial also disclosed that one of the former governor's sons, as head of the state police, made it a practice to issue permits to automobiles, buses, and trucks stolen in the United States for use in Coahuila State services. A local newspaper says laconically that these incidents have given politicians who oppose the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party the battle cry of "organized corruption" within its ranks.

Stratford-upon-Avon *Who Robs Me*

Thieves smashed their way through the mullioned windows of Anne Hathaway's cottage the other day and made off with over sixty hallowed objects of the Shakespeare and Hathaway families, including the Hathaway family Bible box. Local officials theorized that the loot may be disposed of in the United States. "They were a discriminating lot," one policeman said, describing how the robbers took the best period furniture and pewterware from the five-hundred-year-old thatched-roofed shrine which half a million tourists visit annually. Also missing were a grandfather clock and some bedwarmers. "Anything which has a proven connection with Shakespeare or the Hathaways has an incredible value, especially in the U.S. or on the continent," said Dr. Levi Fox, director of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.

Rome *Peter's Pence*

The Vatican is threatened by a record deficit of $28 million this year, the highest on record, according to a statement by the council of 15 cardinals created by the Pope to look into the Holy See's financial difficulties. Fortunately, there are some particular resources, and the 1981 deficit, almost as large, was entirely covered by a special contribution from believers known as St. Peter's Pence, collected in churches every June 29. The exact sum of the collection is not known, but the size of this one is interpreted as a personal tribute to Pope John Paul II. Presumably the Peter's Pence collection this year will also sponge out the red ink. But there is other trouble ahead in the form of a strike which 1,630 Vatican employees intend to call if they do not receive a pay raise and increased benefits. The Vatican has tried hard and with some success to manage its household economically, but there is a 20 per cent inflation rate in Italy, and no doubt the Pope will be obliged to ask for greater contributions from the national churches.

London *A Pair of Eggs*

A minor row has developed over the two farm-fresh eggs which schoolchildren sent to Buckingham Palace as a protest against the system of mechanical laying by battery hens. The eggs were originally accepted but then returned—by parcel post—with the explanation that Queen Elizabeth II never eats eggs for breakfast. "It is a strange household, of any size," commented the august *Times* thoughtfully, "that can find no use for two eggs."

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

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A Jonestown Reader

DAVID EVANIER

JONESTOWN was a microcosm of Left totalitarianism: it was successful fascism in miniature. Of course Jim Jones was not as "successful" as his idol Stalin, but he rose steadily in the California power structure building upon the rhetoric of the Left and supported by leading figures of the Left.

Jonestown had an all-powerful leader and a ruling elite, and it was a prison camp from which no one could escape. It had some unique features which might make it seem aberrational, but, as the Chinese point out, "Many flowers bloom in the garden of Socialism."

Was this flower more rotten than any other? In its structure, its philosophy, its rhetoric, and its personality cult, it was solidly rooted in the theory and history of the totalitarian Left. Even its most abnormal aspect (its total self-destruction) can be traced back to the writings of a terrorist ideologue of the Russian revolutionary movement, Sergei Nechayev, as filtered down by Huey Newton in Jim Jones's favorite book, *Revolutionary Suicide*.

Those who are writing about Jonestown today are still finding it difficult to fully divest themselves of the myths about what must have seemed to them quite recently to be a hopeful social experiment. Some of them want to hold out for qualities of purity and sincerity in Jim Jones. This ambivalence makes for a murky quality which, however, is offset by the horrific facts that most of these writers do not want to conceal.

I.

Since the initial publication of a batch of quick accounts of the mass murder at Jonestown in November of 1978, a number of somewhat more analytical studies of varying degrees of value and intelligence have appeared. They will be superseded this fall by Dutton's publication of a definitive account by a *San Francisco Examiner* reporter who was wounded in Guyana, Tim Reiterman. I unofficially obtained an early version of Reiterman's 1,408-page manuscript (written with John Jacobs), which is entitled *Raven: The Untold Story of the Rev. Jim Jones and His People*. While the book is not distinguished by its prose or its analytical insights, it unquestionably emerges as the most valuable book on Jonestown to date, because of its massive research and wealth of extraordinary details coupled with an objective and largely non-ideological point of view. Reiterman has fully unearthed the story, and in the process provides an answer to James Reston Jr.'s question, "Was Jim Jones sincere?" (*Our Father Who Art in Hell*, Times Books, 338 pp., $16.95.)

That is surely one of the most excruciatingly stupid and obtuse questions posed by a journalist in modern times. Reston's book suffers on many scores, above all from its blubbery prose and point of view: "Indeed, the physical attractiveness and achievement of Jonestown, its closeness to the goodness of Christian teaching, are the very things that made it truly evil, for only with temptation can this story have a moral dimension."

Because Reston was able to gain access to Jones's tapes (through a suit against the government), there are many fascinating details in his book; but they are presented with an odd lack of chronology and, more importantly, with a lack of insight, historical background, and perspective. We get little sense of the years that preceded Jones's hideous reign, yet those years cast clarifying light on the culminating horror. Reston's insights into Jones run this way: "He was no more a devoted Communist than he was a devoted Christian, but he was the true Alienated Man in an age when alienation had ceased to be fashionable." And Reston just can't get past the Big Question:

> Was Jim Jones sincere? If one defines sincerity as the congruence of avowal and actual feeling, as Lionel Trilling has, the question is beyond me, for so public was Jim Jones, to the extreme of public depravity, that it is impossible to know his true feelings as he ranted for the mass. . . . But the success of building Jonestown was rooted in a sincere vision, a unique amalgam of Christian, Communist, millennial, and civil-rights ideas. . . .

Yet nowhere is the answer to Reston's inquiry given more hauntingly than in the tapes of Jonestown that Reston him-

David Evanier, *a novelist and short-story writer, is the fiction editor of the* Paris Review.

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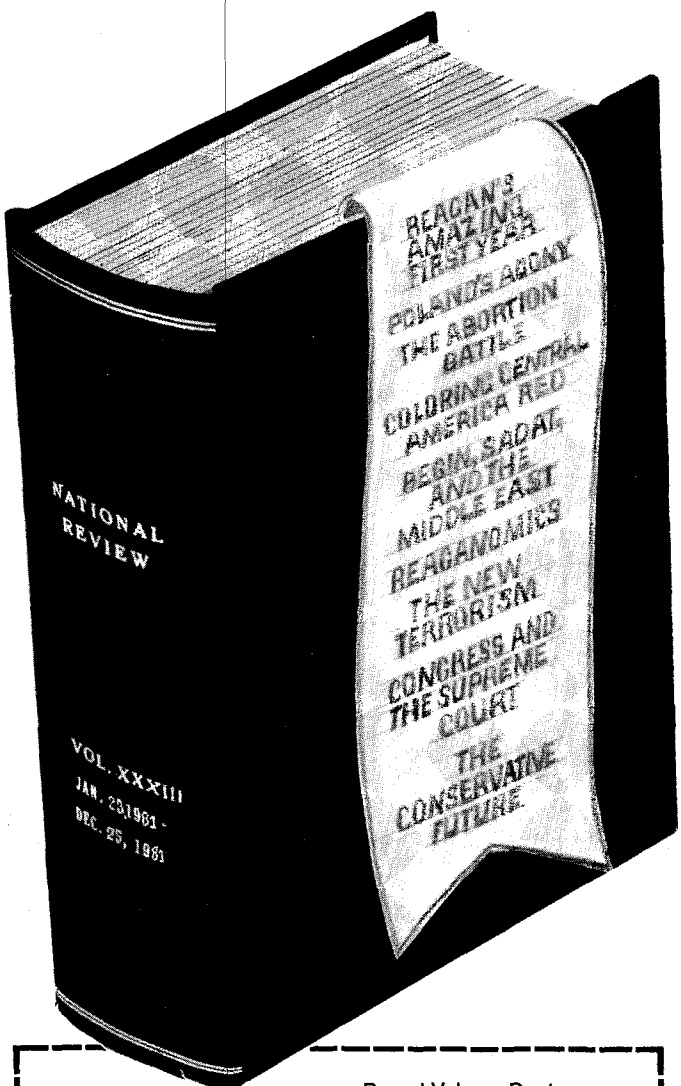

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self aired on the program he wrote for National Public Radio, *Father Cares* (a better study of Jonestown than his book). The radio program included an exchange between Jim Jones and a terrorized Jonestown prisoner at a "catharsis" session. We don't know the specific background of the exchange, but these were the alternatives: the man may have been placed for a week in a nine-by-nine-foot box in a ditch and fed nothing but liquids, interrogated again and again until he gave the "right" responses; he may have been beaten mercilessly by guards; or he may have been placed in the "extended care unit" (note the Orwellian phraseology) where people were drugged senseless with Thorazine, Quaaludes, sedatives, and relaxants. We do know the man is an "intellectual"—a threatening category to Jones. The helpless victim stands or kneels before Jones, who is seated in his grand pillowed chair on the stage while the captive Jonestown audience watches, cheering Jones on. Jones's voice is strong, brutal. He holds all the power.

PRISONER: . . . that comment I made that only intellectuals can understand—I wasn't—really—referring—to—I wasn't referring—to—I wasn't referring to the group—that I was smarter than anyone else—I just—I just meant that—I was referring to—people that are familiar with the arts—sort of—intellectual background—I really don't know—don't—consider myself as an intellectual—so I don't—I really was just using that word . . .

JONES: . . . you really won't be feeling well for a while. . . . But I hope you—um—*learn*—because I have to exert my power with a sense of justice and will. Because you have stepped too far. It's time you knew what Marx and Lenin and—all those—thoughts—comparable figures have to say about present conditions—I expect you to do your homework and studying in the *Introduction to Socialism*—I expect you to do it. When you are back in good health I expect you to be—on the job and doing your task.

PRISONER: Uh—thank you, Father. Thank you, Father.

JONES [to audience]: Rise, and let us sing, "United Forever."

II.

The cornerstone of Jim Jones's "faith" was his hatred of American capitalist society and his certainty that he was being persecuted by such agencies as the CIA and the FBI. Jones needed this sense of persecution desperately, and over the years he staged various situations in which someone shot at him (once it was his son); he even arranged for someone to set the San Francisco People's Temple on fire once. But Jones was a frustrated man. The government did nothing whatsoever about Jonestown. According to Reiterman, the FBI did not even have an investigative file on the People's Temple. The House Committee on Intelligence, after months of study, later concluded that the CIA did not know about Jonestown's mistreatment of its population.

In short, Jones had clear sailing even as he ranted about surveillance, persecution, and invasion. No marauder benefited more from the political climate of the late Sixties and early Seventies. He had both leftist and religious credentials; the combination guaranteed his freedom from virtually any surveillance whatever. Reston writes:

> From the time that the Temple retained the services of activist attorney Charles Garry in August 1977, it had complained—and Garry had willingly echoed the complaint to the press—of a vast governmental conspiracy against them. As one of his earliest counsels, Garry urged the group to employ the Freedom of Information Act to uncover the conspiracy. . . . All the agencies were responsive, but much to the Temple's disappointment, every response was negative. . . .
>
> From early 1978, a mood developed in the U.S. Embassy in Guyana that virtually no document relating to the Temple could be kept secret [because of the Privacy Act and the Freedom of Information Act]. . . . The result was that important negative impressions . . . never appeared in official communications and, therefore, never gave the Department of State, if it was ever inclined to order action, adequate information to guide the Embassy in Georgetown. But it is hard to judge who was less inclined to action, the Embassy or the Department, for in general the Temple was considered, as one diplomat characterized them, "a bunch of dingbats."

Actually, Jones was a curious type of leftist for the mid-Seventies. His dreams of a haven in the Soviet Union, his specter of an imminent American fascism, and his accusations that his enemies were "radical Trotskyite elements" sound like an American Communist in 1955, not 1977. Jones, for a man of 47, was weird even by the standards of the world he considered himself a part of. This unusual time-

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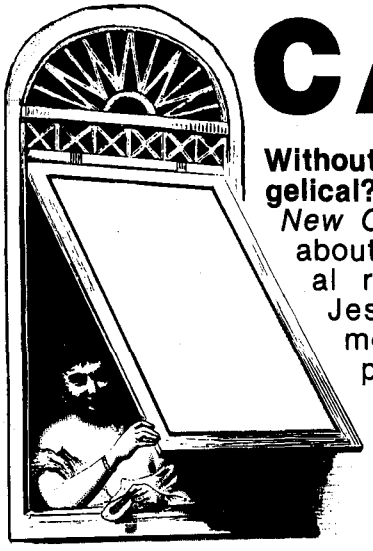

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capsule leftism can be traced partly to the simple fact that Jones was an ersatz Communist, just as he was an ersatz Christian. He was also crazy. And most importantly, there simply was no room in his universe for any other god except himself.

III.

Jones and his advisors put considerable thought into managing the impression that this was basically a nonpolitical cooperative experiment, grounded in the Christian ideal of a sanctuary. . . . Once the strategy was decided, it was practiced and rehearsed. . . .

So they were lined up before him, and he became the interrogator. . . . "What kind of food do you have?"

"Well, we have cornbread. We make our own bread. We have rice . . ."

"Oh, Christ sakes, don't name rice first, please. They say we never eat anything here but rice. Chicken, pork, eggs, fish. Come on with the meats first. What kind of pastries and sweets do you have?"

"Oh . . . they're good . . ."

"Too slow. Too slow. Say, we got candy, pastries, pies, peanut butter. We make our own peanut butter. Doughnuts. Fresh doughnuts every day. Pudding, cake, peanut fudge, popcorn balls. . . .

"What are your beliefs?"

"Social . . . Social . . ."

"Oh, God, if you can't use a big word, say, believe in living together and sharing. What are your religious beliefs then?"

Silence.

"You should avoid reporters like the plague, honey, because you don't think well on your feet. Just say, hi. . . ."

(From *Our Father Who Art in Hell*)

IV.

Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed* is the profoundest novel that has ever been written about totalitarian revolutionaries and the nature of terrorism. His characters do not have any illusions as to what they will bring about. Pyotr Stepanovich tells Stavrogin: ". . . one or two generations of vice are essential now; monstrous, abject vice by which a man is transformed into a loathsome, cruel, egoistic reptile. That's what we need!"

The madman Shigalov, meanwhile, proposes to address his fellow revolutionaries on his new system of world organization, though he confesses his system is not yet complete: "I am perplexed by my own data and my conclusion is a direct contradiction of the original idea from which I start. Starting from unlimited freedom, I arrive at unlimited despotism. I will add, however, that there can be no solution of the social problem but mine."

Shigalov's solution is to divide mankind into two unequal parts. One-tenth will have absolute liberty and "unbounded power" over the other nine-tenths. As another participant explains: "The others have to give up all individuality and become, so to speak, a herd, and, through boundless submission, will by a series of regenerations attain primeval innocence, something like the Garden of Eden. They'll have to work, however. The measures proposed by the author for depriving nine-tenths of mankind of their freedom and transforming them into a herd through the education of whole generations are very remarkable."

The recipe is familiar. It was largely utilized, with sadistic variations, at Jonestown (where a white male elite ruled over a "herd" that was two-thirds black, female, and elderly)—as it has been adopted in other such utopias as the Soviet Union, Vietnam, the People's Republic of China, Cuba, Cambodia, Poland, and the rest of Eastern Europe.

The mad Shigalov, at least, foresaw what was coming. Americans cling to their illusions. The worrying over Jones's sincerity runs deep in many of the books written about Jonestown. One would not expect these authors to speculate about Hitler's "sincerity." Obviously it is Jones's left-wing rhetoric that has confused them. Jones convinced his activist lawyer Charles Garry that Jonestown was, in Garry's word, Paradise. Jonestown had abolished "sexism," "ageism," and racism. In *Journey to Nowhere* (Simon & Schuster, 336 pp., $13.95), Shiva Naipaul writes bitingly of Garry's response to Jonestown: "The commune's pigpens resembled palaces. Many homes he had seen in America could not measure up to the sanitation, the cleanliness, the spaciousness of a Jonestown pigpen."

Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden, Mark Lane, State Assemblyman Willie Brown, Mayor George Moscone of San Francisco, and Angela Davis were among the supporters of Jonestown. Miss Fonda said, "Much of what America needs to resolve its overwhelming social problems has become embodied into the life of Jonestown and the works of People's Temple." State Assemblyman Brown: "Jim Jones is a rare, rare, rare specimen. Jim Jones is a symbol of what we all should be about. . . . Jim Jones is, in my opinion, a true human being . . . what you should see every day when you look into the mirror in the early morning hours . . . a combination of Martin Luther King, Angela Davis, Albert Einstein, Chairman Mao . . ." And the poor playwright, novelist, and collaborator with Mark Lane, Donald Freed, said on his visit to Jonestown in the late summer of 1978, shortly before Jones murdered 912 human beings there, that Jonestown was "an exemplar of what Norman Mailer calls the renascence locked in the unconscious of the dumb." It was also a microcosm of what we loosely call human nature; its residents had "amazing plasticity," and in Jonestown "love was the catalyst for change in people's life." But Mark Lane said it all when he visited there: "You're in the future all of a sudden. . . . Either this is the future or there won't be any."

Lane continued: "People living together in a communal way, living with respect for one another, in harmony with nature, no polluting, no destroying. Back in the United States you can't drink the water, you can't breathe the air, and this is reflective not just of the poisons in the air and water but the poisons in the political system as well."

And no one was more of an expert on poison than Jim Jones.

V.

I looked at Charles [Garry]. I was astonished by what I saw. His hair, ordinarily worn in what appeared to be a normal style, was not what it seemed. He was almost completely bald, with hair growing just from the fringes, and at such an enormous length that when twirled around his head, patted down, sprayed, and dried it gave a different impression. Now it hung limply down his back and onto his shoulders while almost all of his head remained bare. . . .

When I dropped his bulging briefcase, it popped open. A large metal object protruded. I reached down to examine it

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and once I had done so, I said, "Charles, we are carrying a hairdryer through the jungle." He nodded affirmatively and said, "It's a good hairdryer." I said, "Throw the fucking thing out, Charles. Buy a new one when we get back." He refused.
(From *The Strongest Poison*, by Mark Lane)

VI.

We get a sense of completion from reading the whole story at last in the Reiterman-Jacobs collaboration, *Raven*. Every piece of the puzzle is here. The seeds of Jonestown were present in Jones's boyhood, in his earliest ministries in Indiana, as a pathological cruelty crept up in him.

There is a great deal of new information, and many vignettes are illuminating and memorable. Despite its length, there is little fat—no spuriously invented dialogue, no irrelevant information or unnecessary analysis. This book is a genuine achievement. Reiterman talked to everyone connected with Jones, tracking down boyhood friends (one of whom Jones had shot at on three occasions), early church associates, Jones's son Stephan, whose hatred of Jones is palpable. Indeed, Stephan is the only person about whom the authors' judgment may have been tinged by sentiment.

Jones was a loser as a child. His mother worked; his father, wounded in the war, was a melancholy hermit. Jones's dark complexion and Asiatic eyes made him conspicuous in the small town. As a young boy Jones was attracted to religion as a source of warmth and community. He was particularly drawn to the Pentecostal Holy Rollers, situated on the bad side of town among the poor and the rejects. Here Jones felt at home.

But religion was also a means of controlling others. By the time he was ten, he had set up a small altar in the loft of his barn. He set out candles and small tables which he draped with white sheets. He sat on the only chair, and his classmates were allowed to sit on the floor before him. He entertained, instructed, and cajoled them and served them lemonade in summer. He put on his white sheet and pretended that he could heal animals. He locked some of the boys in the barn. When his friend refused to take his orders one day, Jones shot a .22 caliber rifle at him, barely missing him. Stalin and Hitler powerfully interested him (they would all his life). He began to preach on street corners, and quickly found blacks more receptive to him than whites.

As a student, Jones earned extra money by importing little monkeys from South America and selling them door to door for $29 each. By 1960 Jones was a minister, expanding social services at his Indiana church, and demonstrating a keen responsiveness to the blacks and the down-and-outers. He combined the traits of an aggressive fundamentalist preacher with an early interest in cult-like control of his people and a kind of Communism hidden under the appearance of Christian communalism.

Jones already had a long-range plan which he confided to his aides: he wanted to acquire Father Divine's throne. He waited impatiently for the old evangelist to die. He carefully studied tape recordings of Divine's sermons and began to copy Divine's tactics. He picked the Bible apart, compiling a list of inconsistencies. He told his members to refrain from sex. At this point Jones adopted a black infant and began his "rainbow family"—a black, a brown, and a yellow child—and exploited this image. Naturally he took his black child along with him when he visited Father Divine. He told the evangelist he was ready to assume the throne.

Jones was trying other shortcuts to fame and fortune at the same time: he took an abortive trip to Cuba soon after the revolution and tried to recruit black Cubans to come to Indiana and join his church. He also tried to invade the sanctuary of the Black Muslims in Chicago, but they wouldn't let him in the door.

But by 1960 Jones was acquiring the mantle of legitimacy. The People's Temple was accepted into the Disciples of Christ denomination. He (the only applicant) was appointed Indianapolis director of the Human Rights Commission. He became visible and newsworthy. At about the same time, we begin to see the patterns of paranoia that would bulk so large by the end of Jones's life: his siege mentality, the constant suspicion of food poisoning, bomb scares that he staged himself. A fellow preacher at his church was being called every morning at 3 A.M. by a "breather." He told Jones that he had hired a lawyer who planned to put a trace on the line. Jones turned crimson and said, "I wouldn't do that if I were you." There were no more crank calls.

His collapsing fits started around this time as well: Jones would gasp, throw back his head, and black out. His wife, Marcelline, would pop up with a hypodermic needle and inject him with what was allegedly vitamin B-12. Reiterman does not know if Jones was a drug addict at this early stage, although the latter part of his life was dominated by an increasing array of drugs.

Jones, always an atheist, began to promote himself as a

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Christ-like figure, with what was to become his lifelong rationalization: people were too stupid to find socialism on their own. They needed someone to sugarcoat it for them.

When he returned to Indiana from a sojourn in Brazil, his paranoia about nuclear holocaust and his attacks on the Bible increased. (He frequently spat on the Bible in church, threw it to the floor, and kicked it.) He began other practices that would mark his future reign: recruiting church members to gather information for future "revelations" by spying, subterfuge, and rooting through garbage.

While much of the story is familiar, Reiterman continually provides new insights and information. When Ukiah's director of social services questioned some of Jones's practices, Jones called him at 2 A.M. every night and asked him, "Do you know what God does to those who destroy his humanitarian efforts?"

According to Reiterman and Jacobs, Jones's white staff was in on the healing tricks Jones played on the elderly black cancer victims he was supposedly championing. Jones's so-called nurses accompanied the afflicted into the bathroom. The nurses placed their fingers down the throats of the elderly people and made them gag so that chicken guts (which they said were cancers) could be brought out.

The staff would go to the market to purchase the chicken livers. They had also drawn their own blood from their arms into peanut-sized plastic bags, which were slipped to Jones preceding his announcement that he was Jesus Christ. Jones would then burst the bags with his fingernails, so the blood would pour out of his palms like the stigmata of Christ. Jones would tell the faithful to take a bit of the blood and daub it on whatever ailed them and they would be healed.

Jones's tendencies toward sexual perversion, corruption, human degradation, sadism, brutality, and murder intensified with the years. He sodomized the men, raped the women, beat and tortured the children (holding the microphone to their mouths because he enjoyed hearing their screams). He utilized Communist Chinese "self-criticism" methods: no one was allowed to defend himself. He arranged boxing matches in which the victims were pummeled and beaten by people much bigger and stronger than themselves. While all this was going on, the *Washington Post* published an editorial, on August 18, 1973, that read: "The hands-down winners of anybody's tourist of the year award have got to be the 660 wonderful members of the People's Temple. This spirited group of travelers fanned out from their 13 buses and spent about an hour cleaning up the [Capitol] grounds. . . ." In 1976 the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* named Jones Humanitarian of the Year. The temple celebrated the event in the presence of Governor Jerry Brown, San Francisco Mayor George Moscone, and many other notables. The following month, Jones was named chairman of the San Francisco Housing Authority.

Reiterman and Jacobs's account continues right up to the final day with the kinds of intimate, particular details that make this work so valuable: on the last day Jones sat with the boy, John Victor Stoen, he had supposedly sired with Grace Stoen because Timothy Stoen had wanted his child to be fathered "by the most compassionate, honest, and courageous human being the world contains." It was the custody battle over this boy that triggered all the events that led up to the poisoning of 912 people at Jonestown. In a pathetic, mordantly funny scene, Jones opens the boy's mouth to show Reiterman how similar their teeth are.

Raven does not explain Jones. But through its accumulation of excellent details, he is understood by the book's end, without apology, exaggeration, superfluous information, or psychoanalysis. Finally, we have had enough of him.

VII.

The other books about Jonestown are more limited accounts—with the exception of Shiva Naipaul's. His *Journey to Nowhere* is an extraordinary effort at analysis and distillation. But let us start at the bottom: about Mark Lane (*The Strongest Poison*, Hawthorn, 494 pp., $12.95) what can one say? He has as much chutzpah as Jim Jones. He played a role in defending Jonestown and buoying up Jones's fantasies of a government conspiracy against him. Lane stated at a press conference in San Francisco in October 1978: "I have been deeply impressed with what I have seen there [Jonestown]. . . . It makes me almost weep to see such an incredible experiment, with such vast potential for the human spirit and the soul of this country, be cruelly assaulted by the intelligence organizations . . ." Lane now contends he was involved only near the end (which may well be true) and that he was not privy to what was really going on there.

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST APRIL TITLES: Michael Novak's latest book is *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* (Simon & Schuster, $17.50), the thesis of which is that the market economy is inseparable from democratic polity.

The Journals of Sylvia Plath (Dial, $16.95), edited by Ted Hughes and Frances McCullough and with a foreword by Ted Hughes, is an interesting volume made from what the poet liked to refer to as her "Sargasso." . . . George Higgins's tenth novel is *The Patriot Game* (Knopf, $12.95), set, like the nine previous ones, in the Irish-Catholic ghettos of Boston. The story concerns a Justice Department agent stalking an IRA gunrunner. . . . Frances Donaldson's *P. G. Wodehouse: A Biography* (Knopf, $18.50) is a most interesting and comprehensive critical biography by a friend of the subject who had access to many hitherto unavailable documents.

Iain Hamilton's *Koestler: A Biography* (Macmillan, $19.95) is an excellent intellectual biography by a former editor of *The Spectator*, with the cooperation of Arthur Koestler. It goes far to explain some of its subject's recent eccentricities.

Steaming to Bamboola: The World of a Tramp Freighter (Congdon & Lattès, $14.95), by Christopher Buckley, is a fascinatingly well-rendered and evocative account of one young man's encounter with the sea.

■ SOME MAY TITLES: Elizabeth Young-Bruehl's *Hannah Arendt: For Love of the World* (Yale, $25) is a thorough, interesting, and perceptive biography of a personality it cannot have been easy to handle.

The Correspondence of Boris Pasternak and Olga Freidenberg, 1910-1954 (Harcourt Brace, $19.95), compiled and edited by Elliott Mossman and translated by Mossman and Margaret Wettlin, is a valuable source for students of the great Russian writer, who sustained a lifelong correspondence with Freidenberg, a distinguished scholar of ancient civilizations.

Roughnecking It (Simon & Schuster, $14.95), by Chilton Williamson Jr., is a nonfiction story of life in the boom towns of the southwest Wyoming oil patch: the Old West persisting in the New.

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Lane presents a fairly accurate picture of the horrors of Jonestown—but this is a device. It allows him to seem more rational as he begins to speculate darkly about conspiracy. As Michael Prokes, the Jonestown survivor who shot himself in the head, wrote him before committing suicide, "There has to be a deep throat somewhere." Lane intimates two contradictory things: 1) that the American Government ignored what was going on in Jonestown and kept information from Congressman Ryan, and 2) that the American Government may have conspired with the enemies of Jonestown (specifically, Timothy Stoen) to destroy it.

Suffice it to say that Lane emerges angelically from his own account. The culprits are Garry, Jones, Timothy Stoen, and behind it all some dark, hidden American conspiracy that spurred Jones to do what he did. But Lane is crafty; he never states directly that this is so.

Still, Lane does not seem very . . . stable. *The Strongest Poison* of the title doesn't refer at all to the cyanide dispensed at Jonestown on November 18, 1978, nor does it refer to the spiritual poison Jones poured into his followers. It refers to—oh, you know: "The disinformation that has followed evidently resulted from a deliberate plan to obfuscate the truth about the tragedy. It began, as it has so often in the past, with the *New York Times* and CBS-TV. . . . Soon, however, it spread, as poison flowing in the bloodstream, through much of the print and electronic press. . . . There is indeed a poison in our land. It is stronger than the poison placed in the mouths of the children in Jonestown."

Awake in a Nightmare, by Ethan Feinsod (Norton, 222 pp., $14.95), presents a skewed but interesting vantage point on Jonestown. Its sole reason for being (its account of Jonestown's history is rudimentary) is that the author interviewed one of the two people to escape from Jonestown on November 18, a black former drug addict, criminal, and drifter, Odell Rhodes. A loser like Rhodes was so grateful for the structure and acceptance of Jonestown that he was willing to overlook and forgive what others could not. Rhodes was not representative of the black community at Jonestown. It isn't commonly understood that the large black population of Jonestown came primarily from the hard-working middle class, those with property and some education and status in the community.

Rhodes's case history is interesting, as is his reaction to Jonestown: he worked ten hours a day with a work crew preparing a field to be planted with casava roots:

> It was by about a million miles the hardest work I ever did, but it wasn't like you kept waiting for the day to end or anything like that. You were out there with all your friends and you knew you were doing it so people you loved would have food to eat—and I didn't mind it at all. It felt good to me.

Yet on the last day, as Rhodes watched the children twisting on the ground after being poisoned, he

> continued to walk among the dead and dying in the grassy field in front of the pavilion. . . . I looked around at all those bodies, so damn many bodies, and all of a sudden something happened to me. It was like my mind split in half, like half of me was watching the other half in a movie or something. I got very calm, and I started thinking clear—real clear. Once in Detroit when I thought this cop was going to blow me away I felt like that. It's not like you feel brave or anything: it's just calm, calm and clear.

In My Father's House: The Story of the Layton Family and the Rev. Jim Jones, by Min S. Yee and Thomas N. Layton (Holt, Rinehart, 361 pp., $13.95), is a home-movie attempt to wrest larger meanings from Jonestown. Larry and Debbie Layton and their mother, Lisa, all became members of the People's Temple. The mother gave a fortune to the church. She died, alone and isolated, of cancer two weeks before Jonestown destroyed itself.

In an attempt to understand how Jonestown captured and destroyed so many members of his family, a son who was not ensnared, Thomas N. Layton, traces the family history back to his grandparents, and moves forward to the unhappy marriage of his father, a research scientist and Quaker, and mother, a Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany.

The family history is too standard and uninsightful to provide the answers Layton and Yee hope may be contained there. The father, a rather rigid, puritanical figure, does come across as a stern husband, but a loving father as well. His appointment as head of chemical-warfare research at the Dugway proving grounds makes for some contention in the family. But ultimately there is almost nothing in this family background—at least as written, in pedestrian fash-

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ion, by Mr. Yee and Mr. Layton—that explains how Jones gained dominion over three family members. The particular connection that the authors are trying to make (that the father's tyranny led the way to Jim Jones) seems groundless and worse—score-settling.

Journey to Nowhere by Shiva Naipaul stands apart. Naipaul brings a novelist's eye and ear to his subject. He connects three intersecting threads—the gangster corruption of Guyana, the history of Jonestown, and the wacko political climate of the Sixties, particularly in California—in an attempt to understand the phenomenon of Jonestown. Naipaul has some of the rapier wit of Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene, and the interpretative analysis in his book raises it far above the merely journalistic efforts.

Stagnant, mendacious Guyana where nothing works was perfectly suited to Jim Jones: desolation, abject poverty, a "socialist" government of thugs; the ruling group "is a black-supremacist party of the worst kind, a projection into public life of savage instincts and gangster ideology."

> Everywhere in the region, society was in disarray and men seemed to be decaying. The Third World had bred regression and that regression was ending in personal and political catastrophe. "You is a princess," a slum girl was assured again and again in a local play. "You is a princess."

A murderer named Michael X, who had fled from his "agricultural" commune in Trinidad after being sentenced to death, arrived in Guyana. The state-owned *Chronicle* published a photograph of Guyana's leader, Forbes Burnham, and his guest "gazing deep into each other's eyes." The caption to the photograph read: "When Two Revolutionaries Meet." Naipaul cites four other Americans wanted for rape, murder, armed robbery living in Guyana under the protection of the government, not to mention the notorious black preacher, Rabbi Washington, a major figure in Guyana wanted by the American police for blackmail and various acts of violence. Naipaul's point, of course, is that Jim Jones chose wisely when he chose Guyana: "It was a marriage made in heaven."

Naipaul travels to California to find the roots of the People's Temple, and his accounts of various cults and utopian-based groups—Men's Liberation, feminists, the World Hunger Project (an offshoot of est)—are superb. He interviews sympathizers of Jonestown—among them Huey Newton, who had met with Jones in Cuba. Huey had been disconcerted by only one thing: that Jones had worn dark glasses inside the house. For Naipaul, Newton is a key to his journey to nowhere: it was Newton who coined the phrase "revolutionary suicide" that Jim Jones took so seriously. Naipaul sees Jonestown as partly the result of the fantasy of Third World revolution, and partly the result of the fantasy of personal redemption that created the liberation movements of the late Sixties.

On November 18, 1978, the day of Jonestown's extermination by Jim Jones, Huey Newton gave a speech to a group of students in Boston in which he said, "We, the people, are threatened with genocide because racism and fascism are rampant in this country and throughout the world." Naipaul writes:

> Angela Davis and her friends talked about fascism and genocide. James Baldwin talked about fascism and genocide. They were bargain-basement political terms, and nearly everyone with pretensions to a radical outlook would make use of them. Long before Jim Jones started to terrorize his following, the blacks, with the assistance of their best white friends, had been terrorizing one another with the rhetoric of mass extermination. Jim Jones, never an original man, was dealing in a common currency. On the day when Huey Newton was talking to those Boston students, the ideological irresponsibilities of a promiscuous decade were coming home to roost in Jonestown.

As the people writhed in their death pangs on the ground at Jonestown, Jim Jones proclaimed, "We didn't commit suicide; we committed an act of revolutionary suicide protesting the conditions of an inhuman world."

VIII.

Naipaul's is a brilliantly conceived argument, but its objects of blame—the California syndrome, revolutionary rhetoric, the Sixties—are only part of the story. It is certainly true that Jones himself and the white elite that ruled Jonestown were influenced by the factors Naipaul points to. But what of the two-thirds of the community who were middle-class or poor blacks, female and elderly—and the 276 children who were murdered at Jonestown? It is impossible to credit that they were influenced by the changing winds of fashionable political rhetoric from California or anywhere else.

Naipaul makes it clear that no one he interviewed assumes responsibility for Jonestown. The ex-members felt no guilt; they said they only took orders from a madman. Left-wing defenders in the States said they had no regrets or sense of responsibility.

But whatever the balance of blame and guilt (and Naipaul is the only writer thus far to isolate some of the essential sources of Jonestown), let us not forget the chief cause of Jonestown: Jim Jones. Tim Reiterman and John Jacobs's book, though never attaining the level of analysis that Shiva Naipaul's book does, makes it absolutely clear that the prime mover of Jonestown was a sadistic madman and killer named Jones. He was ruled by the same fears and hates and passions (on a smaller scale) as was the man he admired most in the world, Josef Stalin. To understand that is not in any way to forgive it, as *Raven* makes eloquently clear. To look for cause and blame elsewhere is on one level to excuse the real cause: the victimizer. For the sake of the victims, it is time to call a stop to that peculiar form of exculpation.

A judgment was expressed recently by an honest writer who had made a belated discovery. Susan Sontag stated on February 6, 1982:

> What the recent Polish events illustrate is something more than that fascist rule is possible within the framework of a Communist society, whereas democratic government and worker self-rule are clearly intolerable—and will not be tolerated. I would contend that what they illustrate is a truth that we should have understood a very long time ago: that Communism *is* fascism—'successful' fascism, if you will. . . . fascism with a human face.

This is the true lesson of Jonestown.

We see it again and again, and still many of us do not learn it. Many cannot get beyond the Orwellian language. The words "equality," "freedom," "brotherhood," "justice" move and inspire them, even when those words are uttered by murderers.

No one understood this better than Jim Jones. □

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The Truants: Adventures among the Intellectuals
By William Barrett
Anchor/Doubleday, 270 pp., $15.95

THE COMPANY THEY KEPT

JOHN SIMON

Those of us who toil in the purlieus of periodical literature would be delighted to think that journals of opinion really shape opinions, or that, at the very least, they reflect the thoughts hatching in the country's best heads. For us, then, nothing could be more heartening than William Barrett's *The Truants*, with its thrilling subtitle, *Adventures among the Intellectuals*. Barrett's thesis is no less than this: *Partisan Review* was, in the late Thirties and throughout the Forties and part of the Fifties, the most influential journal of ideas in the United States; was edited and written by some of the finest minds around; and was, politically and culturally, the flagbearer of the intellectuals who, in turn, affected the rest of public opinion.

Begun in the winter of 1937-8 by William Phillips and Philip Rahv, *PR* was actually a rebirth of an earlier, Communist Party-sponsored magazine. The new editors, who were joined by Dwight Macdonald, Mary McCarthy, Fred Dupee, and George L. K. Morris, were all anti-Stalinist Marxists, and the program was Marxism in politics and Modernism in art, and down with Stalin and Stalinism! Barrett, a philosophy and literature scholar, returned from service in World War II only to find himself introduced to the *PR* crowd by his friend, the poet Delmore Schwartz, and, without realizing what was going on, being made a sub-editor of the magazine by Phillips and Rahv. This kind of cavalier management, which Barrett finds rather charming, characterized most of the goings-on at *PR*, in which Barrett participated without (it seems) having much influence, until, somewhere in the Fifties—he cannot quite remember when—the relationship ended as amiably and haphazardly as it had begun.

Barrett remained, as teacher and writer, on good terms with most of the *PR* circle, but it wasn't until he read Mary McCarthy's obituary on Rahv that the thought occurred to him to set down his own remembrances of *PR* in the cold-war years—of the campaigns it waged against the liberals' Stalinism, of the shifting friendships and enmities among its editors and contributors, of that whole era of rising and falling Marxism, to which only Rahv remained faithful to the end. As for Modernism, it too became subject to re-evaluation, some cooling off and some continued devotion on the part of the banner-carriers. And this is what Barrett's cheerfully rambling, generally judicious but insufficiently incisive and sometimes even muzzy, reminiscences cover.

WELL, they don't so much cover it as glide along it in loosely chronological order, with lengthy digressions about, say, the world of the non-intellectual painters whom the *PR* art critics sponsored, and with shorter obiter dicta on, say, the nature of "future shock" (there's no such thing) and on how much sexual explicitness is needed in literature (not much, despite certain Modernist practices). *The Truants*—this was to have been the title of Philip Rahv's novel, never written—is as pleasant to ingest as a Chinese meal, but even less satisfying afterward. It does not promptly leave you hungry for more; it leaves you with the sad realization that more would be less, because of the author's unsteady focus, excessive politeness, and self-contradictions, and because the dramatis personae are, at least as seen here, only interesting, but not all that interesting.

Herewith the basic tone: "[*Partisan Review*] would deal with literature and art according to their own high and exacting standards, and yet politically would speak from the Left, but a Left that was purged from the distortions of Orthodox Communism. In our good will, our wish for the best of both worlds, we wanted to believe that Marxism—the true Marxism, that is—was thoroughly compatible with the modern literature and art we loved. Compatible? No, more: implied it. For wasn't it perfectly logical that to be radical in politics also implied that one must be radical in art too? We were young and had a strong will to believe." The writing is certainly civilized and companionable, but also somewhat avuncular

HE'D RATHER BE RIGHT!

William A. Rusher

When New York University's School of Law presented its "Distinguished Citizen Award" to William A. Rusher in 1973, it declared that the honor was being conferred on him "in recognition of his able articulation of the conservative viewpoint."

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and garrulous (notice the tautology "also . . . too"), and, above all, repetitious: this passage occurs on page 221, and merely reiterates what has been said many times before.

There is an amateurish vagueness here. Thus George L. K. Morris, after being mentioned as one of the editors, is not accorded one additional word anywhere. So, too, we hear about the eventual "lawsuit over the ownership of the magazine," and then no more of that. Again, Barrett never tells us from what political and metaphysical vantage points he conducts his retrospect. We know that he has given up on all forms of socialism and Marxism, but not what he has espoused instead. We also infer a *religio* that allows Barrett to be patronizing about Rahv's nihilism, but whether this faith is deism, pantheism, or some more orthodox Christianity is never made clear.

The book's two main contributions are the portraits, sometimes quite intimate, of cultural figures, complete with Barrett's evaluations of them; and the epigrams and anecdotes, presumably witty or revelatory, by or about these figures. We meet people such as Mary McCarthy, William Phillips, Delmore Schwartz, Philip Rahv, Lionel Trilling, Edmund Wilson, Hannah Arendt, Harold Rosenberg, James Burnham, Paul Goodman, Dwight Macdonald, Sidney Hook, Randall Jarrell, Clement Greenberg, Saul Bellow, among others, as well as such visiting firemen as Simone de Beauvoir, Sartre, Camus, Bertrand Russell, E. M. Forster, Cyril Connolly, A. J. Ayer, and one or two more. The scale, detailedness, and acuity of these depictions vary greatly from one to another, and I must say that, where I have personal knowledge of the sitters, I do not often recognize what *I* saw in these portraits, and have less than complete trust in the surprises.

This may have to do with my having known the subjects in a later phase, but it also hinges on an auctorial reverence —indeed goody-goodiness—that I don't esteem in biographical recollections. Barrett tends to begin these portraits from memory with wide-eyed hero-worship. About Mary McCarthy: "It would require three volumes at least to begin to do justice to this extraordinary woman—one of the most extraordinary, I believe, of our time." Again: "Trilling was, in my view, the most intelligent man of his generation—or at least the most intelligent I knew," and "he wrote

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possibly the best critical prose of his time."

Yet eventually, seemingly without realizing it, Barrett undercuts the praise. About Miss McCarthy: "A certain adult ballast never weighed her down." About Trilling: "Though you could be sure of the critic's intelligence, you could not always be sure what specific conclusions that intelligence had reached." (It never occurs to Barrett that the compulsive qualification, the tormented cautiousness, that puts a strain on Trilling's syntax and makes the very cadences glutinous might be caused by a need for acceptance in the genteel and gentile worlds of upper-crust America and good old Matthew Arnold—that this could best be accomplished by placing oneself on Olympian heights so far above the fray as to make certain home truths undiscernable to the human eye.) In any case, the great Trilling gets it in the end: because of either his "Freudian bias or his oversubtlety of mind," he seems "to have missed the very plain figure in the carpet," which for Barrett is "the withdrawal of God."

Some anecdotes and epigrams are amusing, but too many are mediocre. Take these two from Delmore Schwartz ("the most magical human being I've known"): he dubs Mary McCarthy's *The Company She Keeps* "Tidings from the Whore," and explains Alfred Kazin's "Italian Journal" with "Goethe wrote an Italian Journal, and Alfred decided he would have to do one too." And here is a sally about Schwartz from the allegedly brilliantly witty Phillips: "The trouble with Delmore is that he gets married to the girls he is carrying on an affair with." But, then, Barrett himself is no stylist. To convey Mme. de Beauvoir's preconceptions about America that she came here merely to confirm, he produces the trope of "a traveler carrying an invisible visa form in which all the main items had already been entered and she had only to fill in a few blanks." The image of an invisible visa form hardly suggests prejudice or explains how it works. And Barrett will stoop even to "Art wearied, reader, of all this cerebration? Take heart, just a few steps further . . ."

Yet there are moments of illumination, as when Barrett describes Rahv and Phillips's joint editorial planning as being "alternately like two Talmudic scholars exploring the fine points of a text or a team of borscht-circuit comedians milking the quirks of personality . . ." Or, again, when he sensibly elaborates on the proposition: "Liberals find it hard to believe in the reality of evil." He can also evoke the exquisite horror of the forty-cent cafeteria lunches he used to have with Delmore, or conclude pointedly, after listing Rahv's satisfactions in life—fame, rank, prestige—that "all is vanity, says the nihilist, except my own vanity."

And one can hardly quarrel with the following insight: "Nobody seems to have devised a way of building an intellectual and literary circle without adding immeasurably to the usual stock of nastiness, bitchery, and backbiting that are the lot of human nature. Perhaps that is the price humanity has to pay for the centers that generate ideas. Other cultures seem to take these unpleasant facts in their stride and at least maintain the formal gestures of civility. Americans, who have less of a tradition of the salon or literary circle, fling themselves at the business with greater innocence—and violence." *Partisan Review* certainly had both those qualities; *The Truants* has mostly the former, but its best passages do convey a time, a group, and the life cycle of an idea. □

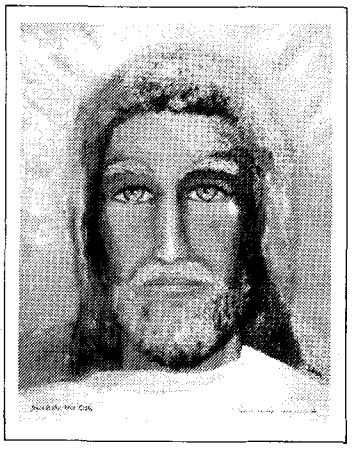
The GIMLET EYE

THE STRANGE AGONY OF SUSAN SONTAG

D. KEITH MANO

" 'Communism *is* fascism, "successful" fascism . . . fascism with a human face.' " Susan Sontag did, indeed, say that. (See "The Week," Mar. 5.) She also did suggest that "a steady reader of the *Reader's Digest* would have gotten a better sense of 'the reality of Communism' than a steady reader of, yes, *The Nation*." All correct as reported. There is more to her controversial statement, however, than just this.

Let me say, first, that it was a hallelujah moment. "Hisses, boos, catcalls filled Town Hall." All correct again, but there was more applause than sibilance and even a bravo or six (some of them mine). On reflection, I should've whiffed it coming. The speech was in careful manuscript: her voice gave under foot again and again: she never let



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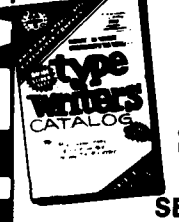

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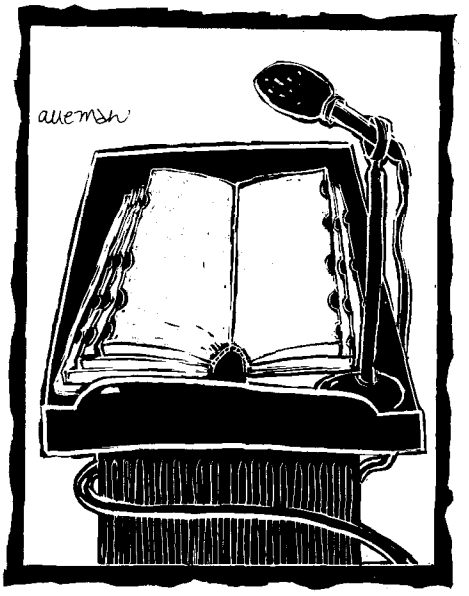
a glance of connection slip up from page to orchestra or balcony. But I had been left vague-brained by such liberal ooze as Pete Seeger and Gore Vidal (see my "Gimlet Eye," Apr. 2)—all met here to screw the Polish situation ass-around until Solidarity and PATCO, Brezhnev and Reagan, became exact moral equivalents. Afterward Sontag bolted stage right and out. Given the intellectual eating habits of her audience, it had been a brave endeavor. I felt both impressed and grateful.

But later, while transcribing my tape, I noticed the first thousand words of her statement. Let me provide a representative excerpt here: "One of the many good reasons for detesting the Reagan Administration is the utter hypocrisy of its support of the Polish democratic movement. I cite Reagan the union buster, Reagan the murderer of the people of El Salvador."

You hear, in that, a sensibility come quite undone. Castro is Communist: I think we can trust his self-appraisal on that head. Castro has been quartermaster-general for the rebels in El Salvador. If Communism is fascism, by this Sontag formula, do we not then fight fascism in El Salvador? North Vietnamese are Communist: they're not shy about it either. Well, if "the principal lesson to be learned from the Polish events is the lesson of the failure of Communism—the utter villainy of Communist systems," then were we not fighting "utter villainy" throughout our Vietnam involvement? Not so: Sontag, you see, has repudiated Communism only in Poland and in principle, two war-torn places. Though, by implication of course, her speech could annul the entire antiwar movement, she herself cannot yet make that final standing broad-jump. Oh, I might, for nostalgia's sake, forgive her: if she hadn't insinuated that, for the Left, pro-Communism would still be standard operating procedure in El Salvador.

Yet listen to this. The quality of bewilderment in it is disarming, don't you agree? "I can remember when Czeslaw Milosz's book *The Captive Mind* was published in 1953 . . . I regarded the book as an instrument of cold-war propaganda. Exactly 27 years later . . . I read it again—read it again for the first time—and I thought, 'By God, it's all true.' We were far more concerned to discredit professional anti-Communists. . . . Can it be that our enemies were right? Certainly we were wrong.



. . . We thought we loved justice, many of us did, but we didn't love truth enough."

That sounds candid and somewhat woebegone: poignant. A squeamish uneasiness with cold-war anti-Communism left the unfortunate Sontag upwind of truth for over one quarter-century. Then, in 1982, there is recantation. We are thankful: after all, the papal will reverses itself more often than a liberal heart. But stop just one moment: this is *the* Susan Sontag—major mind, cultural arbiter, a person for whom international data were readily accessible. Come on now. There are major minds who saw smoke rising from Auschwitz and said it was high-sulphur-content pollution. They have no credit with us today. Sontag, too, acquiesced in the death of millions—Polish, Russian, Latvian, Tibetan—when truth cost far less than it would have cost a German living near Auschwitz. Sentimentalist though I am, I cannot accept her winsome disclaimer of guilt at face value now. No. Susan Sontag *knew* what was going on in 1953. And in 1963. And in 1973. Did she think, for God's sake, that Solzhenitsyn was *lying*?

Moreover, I distrust her equation. Communism is *not* fascism, no matter how attractive that analogy might sound to a conservative. Fascism, first of all, has become the most debased word in English. It now means, more or less, "a very, very bad thing" and may be the supreme pejorative around. But, in truth, Communism is *worse than* fascism. Fascism could not survive the deaths of Hitler and Mussolini, but Communism, thank you, outlived Stalin and Lenin with no trouble at all. We short-change Communism by comparing it to fascism: the totalitarian sweep of the beast is made obscure. Furthermore, since conservatives are also routinely called fascist, we finish with this clap-trap syllogism: Communism = fascism, fascism = Reagan, therefore, Reagan = Communism. And sense has wholly collapsed.

In fact, whether by instinct or by intent, the Sontag manifesto provides a clever fallback position for liberalism. She has seen, where Vidal and Seeger have not, that Soviet Communism can no longer plausibly be defended. Not, at least, in Poland. But what we have instead is nothing more than a semantic swindle. To cut losses, Sontag will sacrifice the *word* Communism. Note that her denunciation, dramatic as it may seem, mentioned not one national or historical instance, Poland aside. Where was Afghanistan, for example? No, watch: from here on in, we'll find "socialism" replacing "Communism" in left-wing rhetoric. And when you think of it, at very little cost: hell, Russia is the USSR already, not the USCR. Cuban government, say, will become "socialist" or "workers'" or "people's" government. By disowning Communism, the word, Sontag can purge left-liberalism of virtually all unpleasant historical luggage—from Gulag to Gdansk. Just change posters, not policy, in El Salvador. I might be wrong, but I think Susan Sontag renounced her past without, in the slightest, renouncing her future. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LATIN AMERICAN MEDIA: *Guidance and Censorship, by Marvin Alisky (Iowa State University Press, 265 pp., $24.95).* It's hardly a record to be proud of. Of the 21 republics in Latin America, Mr. Alisky lists only three as free of media censorship: Venezuela, Colombia, and Costa Rica. Most—Cuba, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, Argentina, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Panama—have strict censorship, which in some countries means that no, or at best very little, criticism of the government is tolerated, in others that the press has become an appendage of the state, a weapon to help mold the people into a certain way of thinking and acting. Cuba is the prime example of the latter. In Mexico, Peru, and Brazil, governments exert what Mr. Alisky calls "media guidance," a non-overt form of censorship that operates obliquely through control of

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news sources, pricing of newsprint, licensing regulations, tax penalties, harassment, bribery, etc. To date, reports on *press* freedom have centered on just that, the major national papers, but Mr. Alisky points out that many millions more Latin Americans listen to the radio and watch TV than read their daily newspaper, and a good portion of this valuable book is devoted to the broadcast media. (Brazil's leftist President Goulart once stilled broadcast criticism by the simple device of decreeing that the government would get five times as much air time to answer any critical statement as it took to make it.) *Latin American Media* is not only a splendid guide to the subject, it is filled with telling and incisive detail and heartily recommended to anyone interested in taking a fast and readable ride on the roller coaster that has been Latin American politics in the last half-century. PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, *edited by William Davis (St. Martin's, 218 pp., $9.95).* *The Best of Everything*—subtitled (capitals in the original) "A Guide To Quality For Those Who Know How To Appreciate It"—is a festival of arbitrary judgments, some sensible and some idiotic, all of which make for a most entertaining hour's reading. William Davis has assembled 21 chapters by 21 "authorities" on an assortment of subjects ranging from animals to politics. Alexander Walker's chapter on films is sensationally wrong-headed; Anthony Burgess's selection of 21 "bests" in literature, despite three or four howlers, is the classiest thing in the entire book and belongs in his next collection of essays. Burgess also scores with the single best "best" in *The Best of Everything*: Max Beerbohm for best humorist. Everyone else does at least a respectable job with the various categories, though a few corrections really ought to be made. To wit: Ross Macdonald as best mystery writer (instead of G. K. Chesterton); *La Règle du jeu* as best film of the past (instead of *Citizen Kane*); *Peter Grimes* as best twentieth century opera (instead of *Pelléas et Mélisande*); Evelyn Waugh as best author of travel books (instead of James Cameron and Kate Simon); and anyone as best President (instead of Franklin D. Roosevelt). So there, gentlemen. Want to make something of it?

TERRY TEACHOUT

GOVERNMENT'S MONEY MONOPOLY, *by Henry Mark Holzer (Books in Focus, 227 pp., $19.95).* Voltaire said, "In general, the art of government consists in taking as much money as possible from one class of citizens to give to the other." Henry Mark Holzer's angry book probes that point to diagnose the ills that beset America's economy. The author, a professor at Brooklyn Law School, traces the evolution of the Federal Government's enormous power over our monetary system and concludes that the nature and the extent of this power stem from the collectivist notion that property rights are conferred by society and the statist concept that "individual rights must yield to public exigencies." He maintains that the collectivist ethic was initially resisted by the delegates at America's Constitutional Convention, who were careful to provide a minimum of governmental power over national monetary affairs. Yet four years thence President Washington was persuaded by Alexander Hamilton that Congress possessed the power to charter a bank under the

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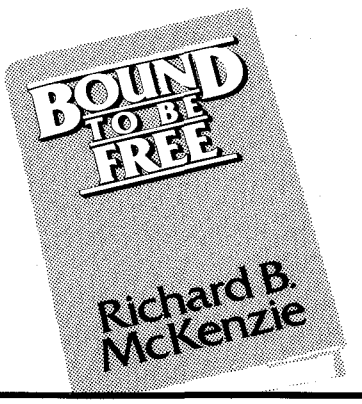

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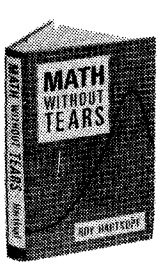

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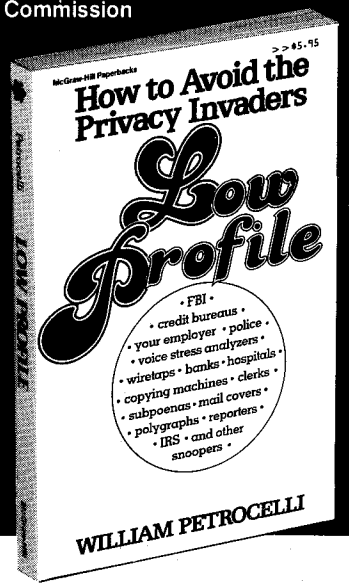
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THERE MUST be distinction of some sort in being incorporated into the well-known and well-edited Viking Portable Library, which at least to my knowledge has hitherto confined itself almost exclusively to readings culled from the works of a particular author, generally a poet or a novelist. There must be too some cultural message to be read in the publication of *The Portable Conservative Reader* (Viking, $17.95 cloth; $6.95 paper), edited and with an introduction and notes by Russell Kirk, though I cannot for the moment think what this could be. Suffice it to say that the volume is excellently done, and that while the British-American tradition of constitutional government and society has proven not readily exportable, it is now, thanks to Viking and Mr. Kirk . . . well, *portable.*

Kirk has no doubt wisely eschewed conservative writers B.B. (Before Burke) and, with the exception of Tocqueville and Joseph Conrad, those outside the perimeters of Anglo-Americanism. As one would guess from the inclusion of Conrad, however, he has also chosen to wander beyond the purlieus of politics and the Dismal Science to include excerpts from belles-lettres: Coleridge, Southey, Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, C. S. Lewis, and others. Whether these inclusions are wisely made is perhaps a matter for debate: Kirk specifically had excluded certain "conservative" writers (e.g., John Lukacs, F. A. Hayek, Hilaire Belloc) from consideration for the reason that they object(ed) to being labeled "Conservative"; yet the same could probably be said of Nathaniel Hawthorne (who also finds a place here) and Stevenson. Anyhow, Kirk has included all the old faithfuls (such as Oakeshott's "On Being Conservative"; Burke's "Letter to a Member of the National Assembly"; Muggeridge's "The Great Liberal Death Wish"; Walter Bagehot's "Intellectual Conservatism"; George Saintsbury's "Toryism"), plus lesser-known plums like E. L. Godkin's "Who Will Pay the Bills of Socialism?" Enviable the liberal reader, as the virgin bride on her marriage night!

The introduction to this volume is useful and apt. In it, Kirk is at pains to show what the conservative is and is not. He *is* a believer in a transcendental moral order; he *is not* "metaphysically mystical"; he *is* an adherent of the principle of prescription; he *is not* unphilosophical. Conservatism, Kirk reminds us, is not an ideology: it is the negation of ideology. It is not a system of belief but a disposition to a manner of thought that rejects any "universal pattern of politics for adoption everywhere."

DELIGHTFUL as this volume is, a profound sadness lingers about it which the editor seeks in his introduction to dispel and to which, in his "Mordant Last Word," he succumbs. Irving Kristol, in "Capitalism, Socialism, and Nihilism"—the essay by which he is here represented—remarks that it is a matter of puzzlement to conservatives that, in the debate between advocates of a free society and the champions of collectivism, the former, though they have won the argument, appear to have lost the battle. And although in his introductory remarks Kirk adumbrates a possible rediscovery of conservative principle and wisdom by Western society (a question on which Robert Nisbet expatiates in "The Restoration of Authority") we are left with the conviction that the Counter-Revolution of 1980 (to which Kirk topically, if rather vaguely, refers) is not enough.

The loss of conservative wisdom is primarily an emotional, not a political, catastrophe, just as the loss of the belief in progress is mainly a failure of the imagination, rather than of capitalist economics or of technology. It is not so much that the tenets of both can no longer convince as that they can no longer be felt; that they are perceived not as wrong but simply as irrelevant. It is one thing to admit error and repeal the welfare state: it is another to reproduce a great tapestry of morals and the intellect of a sort that the world may well see only once. □

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provisions of the Constitution's "elastic clause." Holzer finds it ironic that Thomas Jefferson's disagreement was not over whether the government ought to enter the banking business, but rather at what level it should do so. Three decades later not only was the constitutionality of the U.S. Bank reaffirmed in the landmark case of *M'Culloch* v. *Maryland*, but the Supreme Court's unanimous ruling held that congressional monetary powers were further protected by a "sovereignty" that placed the Federal Government beyond any restriction by the states. A series of subsequent court cases solidified Washington's power to control and debase U.S. currency. Holzer concludes that throughout the unending battle over the extent to which money can be created and controlled by the government, the individual has always been the loser. Accordingly, he suggests a constitutional remedy that will eliminate government's inordinate power over our monetary system. Both it and this provocative book deserve serious consideration.

ALAN L. MILLER

THREE LEVELS OF TIME, *by Harold Hayes (Dutton, 236 pp., $13.50).* Harold Hayes, a former editor of *Esquire* and a gifted journalist, here grapples with the larger questions: Who am I? and, How did I get here? He also considers the "three levels of time" associated with the story: instinct, intelligence, and survival. This is a tall order, but Hayes takes the reader on a ramble filled with historical narrative, interviews with scientists, and the story of a man's fight for life during the two weeks he is trapped in a wrecked station wagon at the bottom of a mountain ravine. The result is informative and multifarious, but not quite satisfying. Hayes admires John McPhee as a stylist, and that is part of the problem: while Hayes does not go on and on and on and on, he does not really find focus for his story, let alone resolution. *Three Levels of Time* is, then, beautiful writing, with clarity and a certain succinctness, but without a point. Moreover, the thing is all too predictable, tainted by the mandatory left-wing sensationalism that is part of the baggage of all ecology books: population explosion, evil progress, bad capitalism, greed, hoggish consumption, no way out, the end is near, small is better, the ticking global timebomb, calamity, catastrophe. Concern is justified and necessary, of course, but such nonsense undercuts the author's credibility. Perhaps the best things about the book are Hayes's interviews with some representative scientists, a group which nowadays seems to aspire to the image of loons and cranks. Still, the book has something to say, if only the reader can muddle through. After all, life on earth is not exactly a dull subject.

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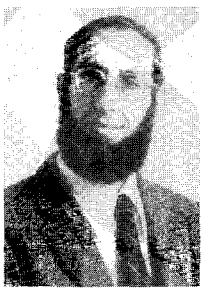

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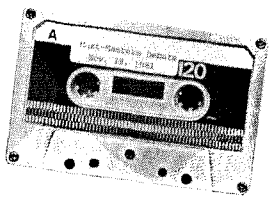

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Brezhnev's Iceland Ploy

JOHN P. ROCHE

Boston—On March 16, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, speaking to a conference of his bogus trade unions, set forth one of the most scrutable agitprop gambits of recent years. As an indication of the USSR's peaceful intentions, he would move his SS-20 missiles behind the Urals if NATO would drop its aggressive scheme to introduce Pershing II missiles and cruise missiles.

This should have been greeted with a roar of laughter. However, it was accorded a solemn reception by the American media. The *New York Times* even went to the trouble of providing a map demonstrating the absurdity of Brezhnev's "compromise," though it somehow managed to decrease the range of the SS-20 by about a thousand miles, from roughly 4,500 statute miles to 3,125. When I got out my map and calipers, I discovered the full nature of Lennie's generosity to NATO: if the SS-20s were moved behind the Urals, Iceland would be out of range!

The SS-20 is a ferocious weapon: it is mobile, can be rapidly reloaded, and throws a warhead with three 150-kiloton MIRVs 3,500 miles, or one fifty-kiloton charge 4,600 miles. It is appallingly accurate. The Soviet inventory has reached three hundred, with one being produced every five days.

THIS IS beginning to read like a hardware catalogue, but the impact of the SS-20 must not be underestimated. It has marked a quantum jump in nuclear weaponry, analogous on a more lethal scale to the introduction of the machine gun in ground warfare. It has, moreover, completely blurred the never very precise line between "tactical" and "strategic" missiles.

Brezhnev, for example, has emphasized that if NATO introduces "tactical" weapons such as the Pershing IIs into Europe, the Soviet Union will itself be in range and the whole nature of the confrontation will alter. Has anyone asked whether the SS-20s sitting in eastern Siberia can reach Alaska?

In fact, Alaska is a cinch. If you get a map centered on the North Pole, you will discover that from Markovo in Siberia to Chicago is only about four thousand miles, and the West Coast and Hawaii are easily under the gun. At a time when the sad news comes that the University of Michigan is abolishing its geography department, we desperately need a population that can read maps.

Let me underline the main point in the argument: the USSR, not the U.S. or the Committee on the Present Danger, introduced this completely destabilizing weapons system and is madly deploying it. Assuming the existence of rough parity in missile systems denoted "strategic" (ICBMs, submarine systems, "heavy bombers"), the Soviets have pre-empted the whole middle ground between intercontinental missiles and hand grenades.

This raises two questions: how did it happen? And what should we do? It happened because the Nixon, Ford, and Carter Administrations were so entranced with the concept of detente that they refused to admit we were being gulled. When in 1976 a number of us organized the Committee on the Present Danger to alert people to the risks, *we* were considered the present danger.

Life has its ironies: a while back the principal detente hypnotist Henry Kissinger passed us at ninety miles an hour screaming, "The Russians are coming!" But it was his great "SALT process" that led to our treating the elegant Soviet bomber, the Backfire, and later the SS-20, as "tactical" rather than "strategic" weapons.

Thus the three hundred SS-20s are not counted in the USSR's SALT package, presumably because Model 1, deployed in 1977, had a range of only 3,300 miles. When they upgraded it to Model 2, with multiple independent re-entry vehicles, nobody raised the matter. And Model 3, which is described above on the Siberia-Chicago run, was equally ignored. When nuts like me discussed it, we were accused of having a vested interest in the cold war.

Well, there they are—and by the time this appears in print another will have come off the assembly line. What should we do? The notion of a "freeze," which is popping up in legislatures and town meetings, is not absurd but dangerous. What the freezers don't reveal is their plan in the event of attack. Unless they are pacifists, this is Launch on Warning: when the blips turn up on the screen, let everything go.

Those of us who want to prevent war instead of relying on Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD) believe the United States must be in a position to deter the USSR at every level from grenades to intercontinental missiles. In specific terms, we must in upcoming arms limitation talks treat SS-20s as "strategic" and move ahead in deploying equivalent weapons. □

TOUCHDOWN FOR THE KGB

Boston—The recent State Department-sponsored film, *Orlando Tardencillas: Double Agent*, must be given four stars, despite the fact its producers are now demanding an X rating.

It was a spectacular: the certified Nicaraguan trained in Ethiopia and Cuba to lead the cadres in El Salvador would demonstrate to skeptics once and for all the external support of the Salvadoran rebels. When captured in Salvador, he sang so persuasively he was put on exhibition in a golden cage and shipped to Washington.

Then, as the State Department officials who were producing the confession of a reformed subversive gaped, he went into his real number. His whole story of Ethiopian and Cuban training, he said, was a fake, forced from him by a combination of torture and "objective conditions." Except for a few valiant Nicaraguan volunteers like himself, the Martí guerrillas had no significant aid against the "fascists" except the revolutionary zeal of the oppressed masses. He was one cool operator.

A number of comments come to mind. First, in a clinical sense, we have to award a touchdown to the KGB for this coruscating disinformation coup, which was undoubtedly stage-managed by its wholly owned Cuban subsidiary, the DGI. Tardencillas was perfectly cast: young, sincere, thoughtful, and fluent. In fact, too damn fluent, but of that more later. His timing was perfect and in a year or so, after his friends in Managua get his English up to speed, he should be on the U.S. college circuit.

Second, by putting so much emphasis on the value of this "vital" witness to demonstrate Sandinista complicity in the Sal-

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vadoran shambles, the government of the United States shot itself in the foot. The problem with the American people is not in the area of knowledge. Almost everybody with an IQ over fifty believes the Salvadoran insurgency is supported by Moscow, Havana, and Managua—Castro said as much last year to a visiting German Social Democrat.

Thus turning up one man, or a battalion of characters, with Nicaraguan birth certificates in Salvador is not going to alter public perceptions. True, congressmen make a lot of noise about proof, but this is a charade. They know roughly 90 per cent of their constituents do not want U.S. military intervention in Salvador, suspect this kind of intervention is the only kind that will work, and want to get out of the enfilade. Hence the essentially preposterous demand for "proof."

The problem, as Marx put it, is not to understand the world, but to change it. It is at this level that public opinion balks. Not because it is pro-Castro, but because it is convinced in an inarticulate fashion that there is no domino in Salvador capable of being propped up.

Since Vietnam is rich in "lessons," let us recall one that is relevant: strong American support for President Diem followed his successful suppression of various Vietnamese private armies ranging from the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao sects to the formidable Binh Xuyen bandits. We are idealists, but before we put in our stack, we like a face-card in the hole. Our real trouble began in Vietnam after we sponsored Diem's murder. The query, "Is José Duarte a Napoleon?" does not bring encouraging replies.

FINALLY, in the desperate rush to "prove" Sandinista involvement to a public that is really asking a different question, we permitted Comrade Tardencillas to get away with his set-up. This is a demonstration of professional incompetence in the intelligence network for which heads should roll. Is it possible the CIA was cut out of this Pilgrim's Progress because it would have delayed the climax?

To be precise, Tardencillas fell into Salvadoran and, subsequently, American hands equipped with a legend: an elaborate tale of training in Ethiopia and Cuba which was literally too good to be true. As noted earlier, he was too fluent: he obviously knew exactly what the Yanquis wanted. James J. Angleton, formerly head of Counterintelligence, would have gone on red alert when this beautiful tale reached CIA headquarters.

Jim had a quirk—he occasionally suspected himself of being a KGB "mole"—but he would have laid on Ethiopian and Cuban interrogators. No whips, electric prods—just friendly questions. Where in Ethiopia was he, how long, how was the harvest, weren't the mountains outside Uardere beautiful?

Then that camp in Cuba—why did they have to put it in a swamp with that stinking river dropping off the sewage from Guayabal? How did he get from Entebbe, the Ethiopian capital, to Cuba? The man is bright, but somewhere along the line he would have blundered. His "objective conditioning" might not have informed him Addis Ababa is the capital of Ethiopia, it is flat at Uardere, and Guayabal is on the Cuban coast. □

PATER NOSTER IN KREMLIN

Boston—Moscow's claim to be the "third Rome" did not die with the Czar. Many Soviet specialists have noted the parallels between Marxism-Leninism and religious organizations: the late writer Bert Wolfe once observed that the new Bolshevik "Rome" had Marx, the father, Lenin, the son, and a bitter dispute over the identity of the Holy Ghost.

From its beginnings in the Third International, or Comintern, the Moscow curia has issued bulls of excommunication. Whole Communist parties have been found in heresy and expelled. The prelates of this church can also be distinguished by their ornaments, which would make a Byzantine patriarch look like a hermit.

Sometime take a close look at the medals that adorn the chests of the Soviet leaders. Sure, generals everywhere have a compulsion for "lettuce," but the other day Soviet Minister of Defense Dmitry Ustinov turned up in India with three large stars and 11 decks of ribbons!

That's 55 separate awards, omitting any oak-leaf clusters. And no one should confuse Ustinov with a combat soldier; he is a "political" marshal. Obviously this enormous lettuce crop on his uniform is sacramental and symbolic, not an index of valor. Similarly, I may have miscounted but I think Brezhnev has five Orders of Lenin, plus a special award for being Russia's greatest writer.

What brought this to mind was a remarkable article that appeared in *Pravda* on January 24. It was an editorial that in translation takes up six single-spaced pages—an editorial writer's dream of heaven. In content, it was an interminable blast at the sins and heresies of the Italian Communist Party.

One of my hobbies is collecting heresies so I set out to discover the full nature of the Italian Party's deviation from revealed truth. The denunciation began slowly with a repetition of previous complaints about Comrade Berlinguer's fondness for Eurocommunism. For the benefit of those who missed it, the Italian Communist trade-union organization, the CGIL, sent several members of a Soviet geriatric center called the Politburo into shock by supporting Solidarity in Poland.

In fact, there has been some speculation that this *Pravda* message was written by Mikhail Suslov, the last of the vintage Stalinists, in his death throes. He departed shortly thereafter and the Moscow line on Italy notably softened. However, what jumped out of the page at me was the following medieval anathema: "A truly sacrilegious attempt was made at the plenary meeting of the Italian Communist Party to 'prove' that the foreign policy of the USSR . . . and the U.S.A." are similar.

Sacrilegious! Sacrilegious? Could this be a legitimate translation? This question went immediately to the Soviet expert on my National Security Council who dug up the *Pravda* original. He had never seen the word in print before and turned to the dictionary, which gave it as "blasphemous." That is surely close enough to convey the religious flavor. The only missing items were bell, book, and candle.

Leaving the Soviet scene for Asian Communism, one finds a tradition of veneration of saints. When in Saigon in 1966 I used to listen to Radio Peking in English for my daily laughs. Every night there was a special in which someone explained how his or her life had been changed by the intercession of St. Mao.

I SHOULD have taped them, but one I recall vividly was a farmer who had been having terrible problems until he began reading aloud to his insipid vegetables from *The Thoughts of Chairman Mao*, the little red book. His cucumbers grew the size of watermelons, his corn crop tripled, and, best of all, his back stopped aching.

Poor Mao has now been virtually desanctified, but a late bulletin informs us that a Communist miracle-worker is on the job in North Korea. North Korea, with Rumania, has the distinction already of a reigning family, but now the heir to the throne is revealed as a supernatural force. Kim Jong-il, the forty-year-old son of Kim Il-sung, the ruling gangster, is officially a "guiding star."

But, as *The Economist* irreverently suggested, the boy has a hard act to follow. Kim Il-sung, according to the Communist Party paper, "is said to turn sand into grains of rice, make a bomb out of a branch of a tree, and float a sheet of paper on the water and walk across the water on it."

All of which leads one to speculate whether in our dealings with Marxism-Leninism we should add exorcists to our diplomatic missions and to the tables of organization of our military forces. What else could stop the North Koreans from walking to Japan? □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Missing Perspective

On The Right

New York, March 29—Professor Galbraith has a nice wisecrack—as one would expect, self-serving—about how the Republicans' insistence that they are not wholly responsible for the economic mess won't work, because if you play that game, you can complain that all our economic woes trace to Alexander Hamilton. A nice try (one has only to look at the economic indices: since Gerald Ford, inflation doubled, the growth rate was halved, the deficit doubled, unemployment up, etc.). We are reminded, however, how easily public attention is distracted from the greater issues, the greater responsibilities.

We have the governors of Mainland China calling in diplomatic representatives from all over to announce that relations with Taiwan, however informal or surreptitious, will not be tolerated. And it is predictable the Republic will be engrossed in discussing this subject, rather than others that come to mind. For instance, the responsibility of the governors of China for the continuing misery of those Chinese not enterprising enough to flee to Taiwan in 1949. We hear talk about how we should behave diplomatically from the same people who give testimonial dinners to Pol Pot, whose only claim to Chinese hospitality presumably is that his depravities exceeded those even of Hitler and Stalin.

EVERY newspaper is crowded with tales of El Salvador, lurid, descriptive details of the horrors there, most of them the work of government death squads. In the ghetto pages of the newspapers one may come upon an occasional reference to Afghanistan, where a mountain people are fighting tanks, machine guns, and in all probability chemical weapons, in a continuing struggle that embraces the energies of 100,000 Soviet soldiers. Student or church protests against the campaign in Afghanistan, if they take place, do not attract public attention.

Poland is in the news sporadically. But watch: it is easing out of the most energetic headlines, the galvanizing headlines. We are, in the West, a psychologically hopped-up race of people, and we have little patience with that which goes on and on. It will not be more than a few months down the line before barbarities in Poland become about as interesting as barbarities in Cuba: so what did you expect, chimes?

Brezhnev steps forward to claim public credit for not installing more, and highly redundant, nuclear weapons along his western frontier. And, sure enough, there ensues talk about the contrasting flexibility of the Soviet Union over against Reagan's intransigent zero-option position. When Ed Meese suggests that Brezhnev's proposals can be compared to the team leading the football game in the third quarter by a score of 50 to 0 coming out for freezing the status quo, James Reston becomes impatient, in a general broadside against the hard language of the Reagan Administration, and sure enough before we know it we are nodding along, considering the question of Reagan's excesses. Not Brezhnev's. Reagan's.

The Vice President of the United States is criticized for making a specific reference to President Marcos of the Philippines, notwithstanding the general countenance of diplomatic cant. While the Chancellor of Austria provides official state hospitality to Madman Qaddafi, only weeks after Qaddafi commissioned a death squad to effect the assassination of the President of the country without whose presence on the scene the Chancellor of Austria would today be whoever the Kremlin decided; and a generation after the United States prevented Austria from being run by a designee of Adolf Hitler.

Where is the perspective, with which for instance we can evaluate the complaints of college students? Why are they paying $13,000 per year to go to Yale? Because of economic excesses of Ronald Reagan and Gerald Ford? Why are college-educated people the last to understand that it is literally true there is no such thing as a free lunch, that they are paying, and their parents are paying, for policies which they now wish to continue in force, lest they should themselves suffer?

It is true that current contentions are not readily illuminated by pointing out that man was born with Original Sin. But neither are they readily illuminated if we assume that today there is no burden to be borne in virtue of yesterday's excesses. And little to be gained from permitting the great social internationalist disrupters of peace, and hope, to direct our attention to what they desire us to consider, and to condemn; while they continue to pass the ammunition, and smile a smile of guile, and death. □

THE PROBLEM IS CUBA

New York, March 19—Concerning the deteriorating situation in Central America, a few observations:

1. There is no practical means by which the United States can arrest the violence sweeping the area. The "Roosevelt [Teddy] Corollary" to the Monroe Doctrine asserted a general right to intervene in Latin America in the case of (get this!) "chronic wrongdoing or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized societies." Such language can keep the Marines busy—and did; a couple of dozen times during the ensuing twenty years.

It is not intended as ethnically invidious to remark that history shows a propensity for violence in Latin America. We have our crime-in-the-streets, the Germans had Hitler, the Russians had Stalin and his successors, the Asians Mao Tse-tung and Pol Pot—the Latin Americans incline to massive political violence. During the civil war in Colombia that began in 1948, whose motivations are almost as difficult to recall as those of the great powers that gave us the First World War, violence reached heights that, by contrast, make El Salvador sound like Waikiki Beach. Historian Alistair Horne, in his book *Small Earthquake in Chile*, merely sug-

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gests what it was like. "Accounts of the atrocities committed during La Violencia [the period of violence] turned the stomach. Luckier victims escaped with nose, lips, or ears cut off. Crucifixions were commonplace where the most refined tortures had their own special names [I eschew the description of some of these]. The forces of law and order were themselves often involved. There were no battlefronts in the civil war. By its end, 300,000 Colombians were estimated to have been killed. In one small community alone, 503 out of 509 families were found to have lost some close relatives." That, in American terms, would amount to four to five million deaths by violence; far more than have died at war throughout the history of the United States; about one hundred times our losses during the excruciating war in Vietnam.

2. This does not mean that the United States should be indifferent to the scale of political violence in Central America, but does mean that we must jealously guard the relevant distinction. And it is this: Where is violence being cultivated, with a view to exporting it? One should not tire of repeating the fatalistic but wise maxim of Senator Fulbright, that the United States Government has no proper quarrel with any nation no matter how obnoxious its domestic policies, so long as it does not seek to export them. As much was said by President John Quincy Adams when he stressed that Americans were friends of liberty everywhere, but custodians only of their own.

3. However grotesque, then, the leaders of Guatemala, or the death squads associated with the government of El Salvador, our concern is with Nicaragua. Why? Because it is becoming a staging base for exported political violence. Why does Nicaragua need an army of seventy thousand? You will say: To guard against being overthrown by the CIA. But the mobilization was under way well before the United States turned hostile toward the Sandinistas. And, of course, Nicaragua becomes an arsenal as a result of another staging base, namely Cuba. And Cuba? We all know the answer. Cuba would be prostrate economically if it were not for the Soviet Union, which incidentally would not be able to finance revolutions throughout the world were it required to meet conventional credit standards which, in their wisdom, the capitalist nations of the world proudly waive when dealing with the Soviet Union.

Our direct quarrel, then, is with Cuba. It is perhaps too late to arrest the decline of Salvador. The reach of terrorism is underestimated in a country that has never experienced it. But the notion that the elections of late March will establish anything, when the guerrillas have publicly promised death to anyone who votes, is ludicrous. And so the demoralization of an army largely untrained proceeds. Answer?

We have got to get at Cuba. A declaration of war, given the record of Cuba's hostility to the United States, could plausibly be framed. But meanwhile it behooves us to blockade Central America, by air and sea, arresting all movement of arms to the area. Our diplomacy should focus directly on harnessing sponsoring resolutions by Latin American nations. And here, Mexico is critical. □

THE CHILD BEATERS AND THEIR CRITICS

New York, April 2—The article in *Penthouse* mag is called "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" which claims to have been a bumper-sticker format urged by one Reverend Greg Dixon of the Indianapolis Baptist Temple, national secretary of the Moral Majority. Personally I doubt that the Reverend Dixon can have been quite that stupid, although if one-half of what the author, Michael Disend, says about him is correct, I'd rather see him, than even the naughtiest children, at the receiving end of a lash.

The story begins as an investigation of the resistance put up by the Moral Majority crowd to child-abuse laws. The suggestion is that child-abuse agencies are designed to usurp parental authority, and the Reverend Dixon and others are quoted in heated denunciation of such agencies. One or two cases are cited of what would appear clearly to have been child abuse —vicious beatings of six- and eight-year-olds—that went to court, but resulted in acquittals, because the children didn't testify, rendering difficult the job of the prosecution since it simply isn't easy for a jury to believe that ordained ministers would brutalize children, and the jurors cannot be presumed to know that this was entirely routine in nineteenth century Britain.

To the extent that there is anything to be said for the protestors, no doubt it is true that progressive impulses in American education, having spotted the Great Middle Way, will one day introduce legislation of the kind passed in Sweden which forbids any corporal chastisement of any children even by a parent. As someone with a good nose for social trends recently observed, in Sweden it is now legal for a father to sleep with his daughter, but not to smack his son. To the extent the Moral Majority types associate themselves with the notion that in no circumstances does the state have the right to intervene between parent and child, they will lose their moral authority. It is sometimes difficult to draw the line, but a line simply can and must be drawn between domestic discipline and domestic savagery, and if we need federal prosecutors to guard against reversing that line, why let us have them, in such abundance as is necessary.

But the author goes on, and before long we find that, really, the entire ethos of what they call the New Right ministry is being challenged. The reason children are regularly beaten in their schools, we are told, is that "this crushing of the free human intellect is much harder to achieve in adults. After all, other than cult members, what educated grown-up would willingly give up the right to think, the right to one's own mind, and the right to choose?" Gee whiz. Well, Ignatius Loyola comes to mind; or, for that matter, any Catholic. Or members of the British civil service. Granted, one is free, in a free society, to withdraw allegiance, whether to God, to his putative representative on earth, or to the crown. As far as that goes, one is free to renounce one's citizenship. But the critics of the Moral Majority simply can't stand the fact that there are schools out there that preach enduring truths, or at least that is how they denominate them. It isn't that *Penthouse* doesn't believe in enduring truths, it does: the right, for instance, to enjoy undifferentiated sexual gratification is one of their enduring truths, and God knows they'll try hard to tell you how to do it.

THE author's zeal to prosecute the Moral Majority goes to lengths that would embarrass the John Birch Society. "But spanking is just part of the New Christian Right's well-financed program on education . . . They are also engaged in a smear campaign against public schools and teachers; lobbying for private-school tuition tax credits that will undermine already cut-back federal, state, and local aid to education, eventually resulting in the public schools going bankrupt."

So we have it: to lobby for tuition tax credits is to lobby for the bankruptcy of the public schools. To which there is opposition? And why not? There are objective and moral grounds for such opposition, if one is careful not to generalize too comprehensively: there are magnificent public schools in America, but on average they are delinquent. Once again we have the effort, made without any sense of measure, to argue against the Christian dissidents. It is a superb irony that the last one-third of the *Penthouse* story needs to share the space with advertisements for books, artifacts, movies, designed to perfect the art and practice of seduction. I like best the "Subliminal Seduction Tapes" —"put more on their mind than just good music . . ." Just don't let them get near the Moral Majority. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A town in Montmorency County, Mich. — 84 98 27 38 126 188 3

B. A city in Cayuga County, N.Y. — 13 65 24 86 4 99

C. A city in Hillsboro County, N.H. — 82 160 97 146 25 174

D. Rendered legally void — 59 166 39 173 192 32 128 137 17

E. To accomplish — 94 101 42 16 88 187

F. Old Dobbin's home — 109 7 19 35 198 66 93 124 129 131

G. A General Motors automobile — 116 182 18 62 34 70 44 140 201

H. To furnish — 127 6 20 117 164 168

I. A city in Hidalgo County, Tex. — 40 60 64 69 85 91 96 100

J. A General Motors automobile — 172 21 170 45 102 178 75

K. A county in Tex., S.E. of Amarillo — 158 8 76 92 122 51 110

L. Discharges — 183 72 123 103 151

M. An automobile named for a U.S. President — 14 169 179 141 195 78 184

N. First name of a famous Norse mariner (fl. c. 1000) — 57 143 149 111

O. A small, swift dog that resembles a greyhound — 10 30 33 56 136 147 152

P. An interval in a basketball game — 134 53 79 162 108 112 161 176

Q. Parts of a football field — 80 154 22 9 114

R. Sidesteps — 155 203 23 165 190 177

S. *Undignified* — 167 175 130 46 11 68 54 171

T. The time something lasts — 180 104 55 37 95 47 186 199

U. An item of playground equipment — 189 2 15 28 63 121 135 163 193 196

V. The county where the capital of Miss. is located — 197 132 204 185 12 73 138

W. An attempt — 61 139 148 49 153 105

X. A town in Calhoun County, Iowa — 5 106 115 142 159 150

Y. Part of a day — 87 156 133 1 194

Z. To confess — 200 191 119 202 145

* A bushy-tailed rodent, such as the woodchuck — 48 58 74 118 157 181

\# The first name of a German biographer (1881-1948) — 67 71 81 125

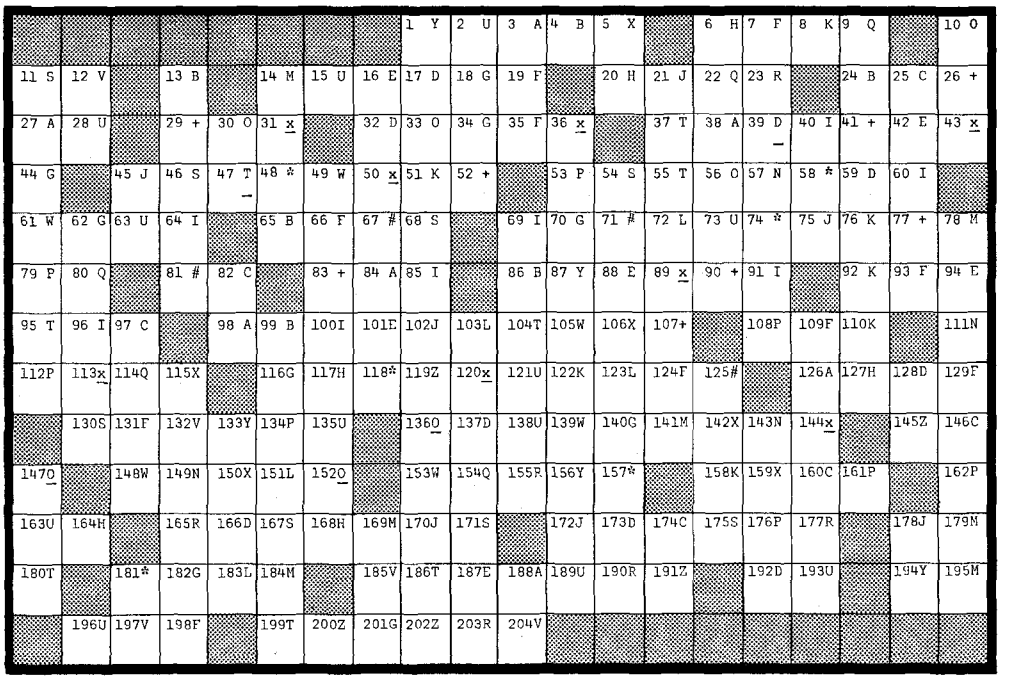
\+ Repeated — 26 29 41 52 77 83 90 107

x Ragged — 36 43 50 89 31 113 120 144

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 444 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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When a major electric company turns on to modular carpet, Milliken gives it the power.

"In developing design solutions responsive to user needs, our design team required a flexible and versatile modular floor covering, a lightfast product, and capability for the execution of an overprint satisfying esthetic parameters."

William L. Pulgram, AIA, ASID
President, Associated Space Design

Day after flawless day, the Florida sun lights up the soaring atrium of this spectacular new electric company headquarters. For the employees, it is an immensely satisfying work environment. For the modular carpet underfoot, it might have been another story.

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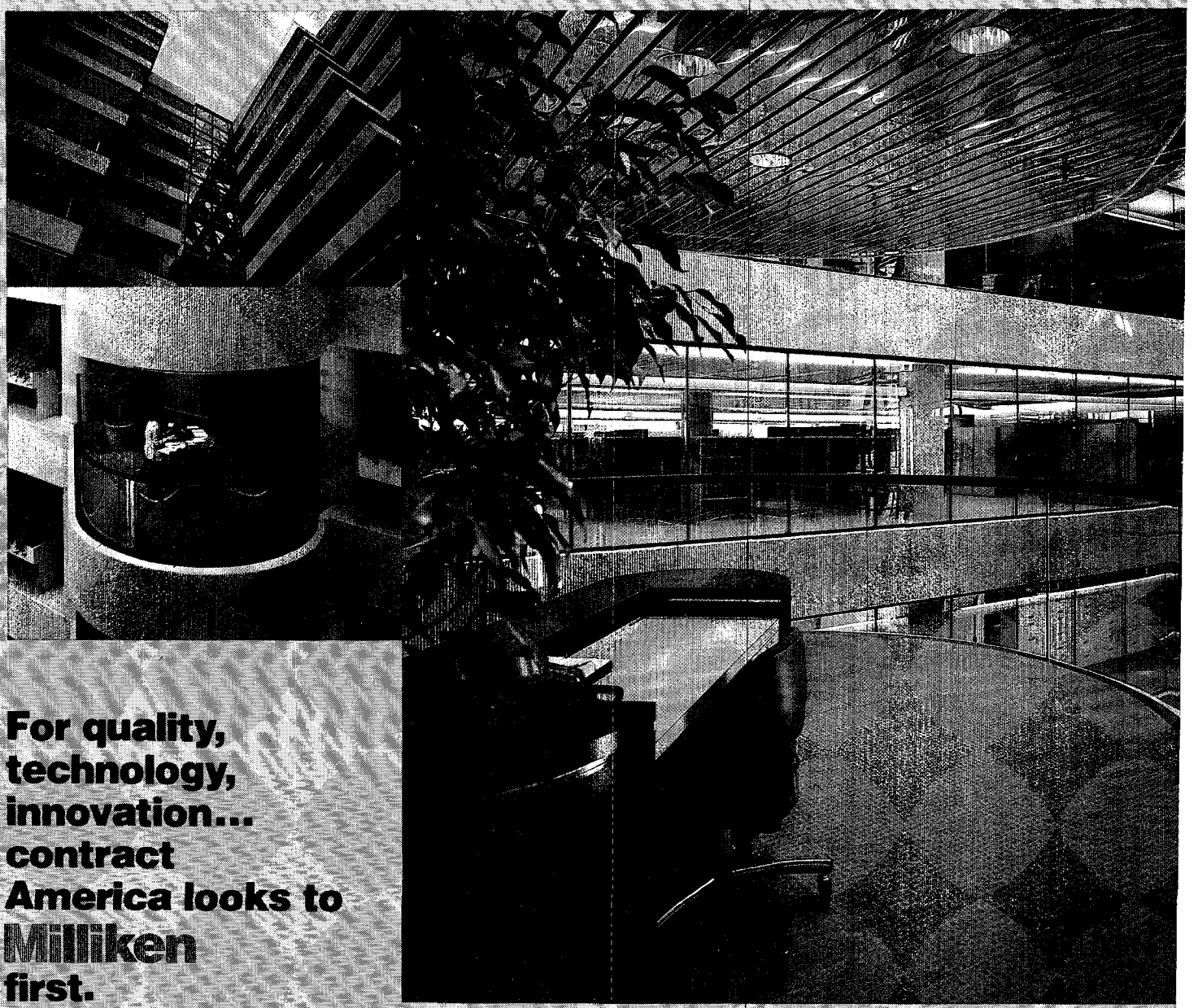

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DUPONT ANTRON III

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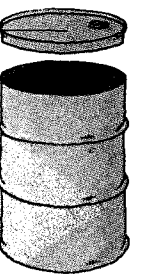
"Almost anything you can make out of anything, you can make with less energy from plastics."

"It's no news that plastics are versatile," says Frank Barborek, Plastics Development Manager at Gulf Oil Chemicals Company. "Even more important perhaps is that plastics are remarkably energy-efficient.



"Petrochemicals use only about 6% of America's crude oil supply, and it's an energy bargain."

"For instance, it takes less energy to make plastic bags instead of paper bags; plastic bottles instead of glass bottles; plastic cans instead of steel cans; plastic auto hoods and trunk lids instead of aluminum.

"Many plastics are lighter than the materials they replace, so they take less energy to ship and handle. And plastic parts can make cars dramatically more fuel-efficient: there's over 230 pounds of plastic in the average late-model car, and each pound of plastic can replace up to six pounds of steel. And of course plastics don't rust.

"Most plastics are based on chemicals from petroleum; and one reason why Gulf is committed to developing other fuel sources, such as tar sands and oil shale, is to maintain a steady supply of petrochemicals for plastics.

"Only about 6% of America's crude oil supply goes into petrochemicals, and the crude oil we turn into energy-efficient plastics helps make the rest of each barrel of oil go farther. That's more energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow

Gulf Oil Corporation

"From houses to toothbrushes, plastics can do almost anything."

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